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LIFE'S AMBITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ELSIE MAY.

A dream that the fond heart may cherish,
To brighten the moments of youth,
But ah! how its beauties must perish
When seen through the clear glass of truth.

We build us the rarest ideal,
Perchance on the basis of love;
But too soon awake to the real,
And victims to mockery prove.

Death presses with hard, chilly fingers,
The life-drops from fond, loving hearts;
Or near us, malignantly lingers,
And into our home scatters darts.

We cannot be free from its power,
In feeling, in word, or in thought;
Life's dial points not to an hour,
With his direful influence unfraught.

No homes are so harsh or repelling
That he will not enter the door;
And none with such happiness swelling,
That he will molest them no more.

Dream on, gentle heart, of am[illegible]n!
Dream on of the beautiful g[illegible]
The proud and exalted positi[illegible]
Befitting your far-reaching [illegible].

Imagine that wealth is your guerdon,
That fame-wreaths around you are hurled,
And your name the glorified burden
Of all the rare praise of a world.

Dream quickly, for you must awaken,
And real life ere long must begin;
The tree of its marred fruit be shaken,
Ere gathering the rich harvest in.

Not useless the buttercups growing
To garland the year's youthful time—
Though frail, 'tis a type of the glowing
Of gold in that year's fruitful prime.

So dreams, though they often deceive us,
And pass, like the flowers of spring,
For all of the sorrow they leave us,
A heritage golden may bring.

We lose, as the harsh years glide o'er us,
The blossoming fancies of life;
Its sorrows and cares rise before us
We are not exempt from its strife.

Yet thus must the nature immortal
Be cleansed from the earth-drops possessed,
Ere, cleansed, we can pass through the portal,
And find our lost dreams in Heaven's rest.

KING FARO
AND HIS SATELLITES;
Being Leaves from the Diary of
A REFORMED BOWERY BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL,
AUTHOR OF "THE HEBREW GLADIATOR," "LA TOUR DE NESLE," "LIFE SCENES IN OUR GREAT CITIES," ETC.

BOOK III—PART V.
THE STAR OF THE PAVE;
OR,
ON THE TEAR AND ON THE TOWN.

It was a lovely morning in the month of June, when Ellen D—— (as beautiful as the Venus Amphitrite, when she rose from the froth of the sea, ravishing the youths of Corinth with her superhuman charms) entered her boudoir, after partaking of her usual refreshing bath. She was attired in a crimson satin dressing gown that looped around her waist, fastened by a silken cord, to which dangled tassels of silver thread, while her stockingless feet, white as the driven snow, were encased in velvet slippers, set off with rosettes, in the centre of which sparkled amethysts of no mean value. She who had sewn on coffee sacks for a dollar a day, as the queen of courtezans wore jewels in her shoes; but was she as happy now as then? The smile that played around her rosy lips would seem to vouch that she was, for she trod the rich carpet like a very queen, and triumphed in the thought that every *roue* and libertine in the Crescent City was ready to kneel down and worship at her shrine. Her apartments in Bienville street could boast even superior splendor to those she had enjoyed as mistress of James Seagrift. Every luxury that could feast the eye or ravish the senses seemed at her command. There was a small bookcase of ebony, a perfect marvel of carved workmanship, and the authors she had chosen to wile away her hours of leisure were as select as the most voluptuous *roue* could have wished. There was an elegant edition of Byron's "Don Juan," "The Kisses of Johannes Secundus," "Manon Lescant," and other works of a like character that reveal all the flowery paths of sin, but hide the viper of remorse, whose bite is as fatal as the worm of the Nile that fastened its fatal fangs on the voluptuous bosom of Egypt's last queen. The damask curtains, underlined with costly lace, shut out the glare of the sun, and a soft, mellow light pervaded the apartment devoted to sensual enjoyment. A pier glass of French plate, that stretched from floor to ceiling, reflected her charming face and form with life-like reality, and, as she gazed at the beautiful vision before her, she exclaimed with ecstatic rapture:—

"Yes, indeed, I am very, very handsome, for the mirror is as true as Holy Writ. My brow is as smooth as marble, and my cheeks rosy with health, thanks to thee, my gentle Ovid and charming Ninon D'Enclos; and yet I doubt if either of you understand the art of love better than Ellen D——, who admires your memory so much."

A smile illumined her rosy lips that was absolutely dazzling as she uttered these words, but it passed away in a second, and something like a spasm of pain shot athwart her face as she resumed:—

"I shall live out my time, and, when grey hairs come and lovers grow cold, the world, that seems now so bright, will prove a glittering lie. Let me die ere then, for I would have them weep and bewail my loss, even though they shed tears of blood. Good! A thought strikes me! I have not read my notes that the postman brought yesterday. What a rare farce this love is, and so well played. I should have studied for an actress, and then the famed Cushman would have had to look to her laurels. I think I could play Lady Macbeth with thrilling effect if I had a James Seagrift to act the part of Duncan, but I should fail in Agnes de Vere if Walter was my husband in the cast. Oh, memory! memory! how fearfully I have suffered, and yet how long it seems since I have forgotten to weep."

She turned from the mirror with a sigh, and took from the centre table a box of ebony, inlaid with mother of pearl, that when she had opened seemed to shed a rich fragrance about the room. There were a dozen epistles that one might swear had been sent on the errands of Cupid, for they were all decorated with mottoes in French, a sure sign that the senders were far in the toils of the syren.

"This," she said, as she took up one previous to breaking the seal, "is the effusion of that hateful Red River planter, who pesters me with his presence monthly, and vows that I am never out of his mind a moment in the day. Pah! how the lecherous old villain lies, and how horribly his breath smells of whiskey and niggerhead tobacco! The last time he was here I bade the servants fumigate the room after he had taken his departure. But he pays like a prince, and why should I murmur, for am I not a thing to be bought and sold as much as any human chattel that cultivates under terror of the lash his two thousand acres plantation? Well, I'll smile on him when he calls and swear that I esteem him dearly as long as his dollars last, and then —— why what is this?" she exclaimed as she broke the seal. "As I live, a check for five hundred on the State bank of Louisiana. Why, what a sweet, delicious, nasty old fool he is. I wonder what the charming old fogy has to say."

"MY DARLING NELLY.—I know that you are true to me, and that absence has not banished me from your dear memory."

"Pshaw! it's love—love—love from top to bottom, and winds up with a thousand kisses. I'll save your check, but tear your letter to ribbons, for I want a set of diamonds when Jack takes me out to Lake Ponchetrain, and her little hands spitefully tore the tender missive into it finitesimal fragments.

"This from the rich broker on Canal street, who wearies me with the offer to go into his private keeping, while he has a wife and family of grown up daughters, two of them older than myself. I hate the sight of him," and, with a hasty glance at the contents, the broker's missive found the common fate of the planter's.

She ran through the routine, talking in the same vein, until she reached the last, which she seemed to cherish more than the rest, and as she broke the seal her little hands trembled with anxiety, and her whole form seemed agitated. She read it aloud, and it ran:—

"DEAR NELLY.—I love you better than my life, and you know it.

THE VELOCIPEDE IN PARIS IN 1816.

["I know it, Jack, and I wish to God that my heart had not changed to marble before I krew you, so that I could return your love."] Oh! Nelly, when I see the heartless wretches who follow in your train it almost drives me mad. Don't you know, darling, they will throw you aside when the first wrinkle clouds your beautiful brow—when the first silvery thread of age flashes among the golden curls that are the pride of my heart? And yet what can I do, for I have not the means to support you in the style you live at present, and, should you be willing to accept a humble home with me, I fear, Nelly, on your part, that when 'poverty came in at the door love would fly out of the window.' Oh! darling, did you see the verses I wrote to you yesterday, that were published in the *Orleanian*? ["Yes, Jack, and I have committed them to memory."] They were addressed to Ellen, and I merely signed my initials. The editor complimented me by saying they were very fine, and wished to know if the one whom I had pictured as so beautiful was a myth or a reality. I told him a story, for I said that my own dear Nelly was a creature of the imagination. *I did not dare to tell him the truth.* What an Atlas burden rests on the shoulders of a poor but ambitious young man. ["Then, Jack, why won't you let me give you money? You never, never will take a penny out of the hundreds and hundreds that I absolutely throw away."] It is as much as I can do to pay my way, but thank Heaven I can look every one in the face and say I am honest. Dear Nelly, I am to appear again on the stage in the part of Huon. The manager says my first appearance was an unparalleled success, and you know, Nelly, how we laughed when the papers stated that I was a celebrated English actor whom D—— was endeavoring to palm off on the public as a novice. It is nuts for the critics to crack, Nelly, when an amateur, according to their own statement, plays a part like an old stager. I may achieve fame and fortune yet, dear Nelly, and then you shall not remain in your present sphere of life one hour. ["Dear Jack, I believe you."] Be at the ball to-night. ["I'll go, rain or shine."] Wear your blue satin—the one I admire you in so much. It is my favorite color, dear, for it means fidelity. Till then I shall think of you, dream of you and unchangingly love you. *Au revoir.* JACK."

"Poor, foolish boy," she said, after reading the epistle over a second time; "I hardly know how much I think of him, I have so little heart left after the terrible trials it has endured. Maybe I love you, Jack, as much as such a guilty thing as I can love, and if fate should sever us the world would be indeed a blank. Yes, dear Jack, I will be at the ball to-night, and wear the dress that you like me in best; and, if I bestow a passing smile on those who follow in my train, I will be sure to reserve my brightest one for you."

She tinkled a small silver bell on the centre table, and a handsome quadroon girl instantly answered the summons.

"Rosalie, I am not well to-day," she said, "and therefore am at home to no one, unless *he* should call."

"Yes, missus; any other commands?"

"I shall attend the Ponchetrain to-night, and will wear my blue satin, trimmed with ermine; also my necklace of pearls. *He* prefers them to my other jewels. Stay, Rosalie. Go as quick as you can to the French market, and purchase me a bouquet of choice lilies. The lily is his favorite flower, for, though he never told me so, I can read *his* thoughts. That is all."

The quadroon hesitated a moment, as though she had something on her mind to which she was reluctant to give utterance. Ellen observed her dilemma, and said kindly:—

"Can I do anything for you, Rosalie?"

The Abigail had been paid handsomely by the wealthy broker to press his suit with her lovely mistress, and she at length stammered out:—

"Missus, forgive me if I hurt your feelings, but you have denied yourself every day for a week to Mr. Lansing, one of the wealthiest men in the state, and who is madly in love with you."

"Let him bestow his love on his wife and family, then," said Ellen, interrupting her.

"Yes, missus; but what is the use of your giving your heart to such a poor young man as Jack, who cannot command a dollar, while the wealthiest men in the city are——"

"No more of this. If you grow insolent, Rosalie, I shall be forced to part with you. I tell you once for all that his mind against all their riches is to me a feather balanced 'gainst a world. There, you have my orders. Admit no one till the hour I prepare for the ball, unless *he* comes, and then all doors must be opened wide."

The girl saw that it was useless to press the point further, and withdrew. Ellen, as the door closed, turned the key, and took up a volume with something akin to reverence. It was the life of "Manon Lescaut," interspersed with superb etchings on steel.

"This was Jack's last gift," she said, as she turned over the leaves to the title page, "and I will now read till my eyes grow weary."

Ere an hour had passed away fair Ellen reposed in quiet slumber, and her thoughts were wandering far away in the rosy land of dreams.

The Ponchetrain rooms, at the time depicted in this narrative, did a most flourishing business, and were patronised by people of most countries and climes. There was the swarthy Spaniard, as proud as he was revengeful; the Frenchman, affable and polite; the industrious New Englander, who, whatever his real thoughts were, always proclaimed himself in public as a northern man with southern principles; the hot blooded planter from Arkansas and the Choctaw Nation, who always felt rather indignant at being searched at the door of the ball room and having his weapons taken from him and ticketed, to be returned when he wished to retire ere the revels of the art Terpsichore were over. There was a motley assemblage of gamblers, flats, dead beats, lovers and pickpockets, cheek by jowl with statesmen, judges, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, pilots, planters, and, in fact, every trade, class and calling was represented at the Ponchetrain ball-room. The arrangements of the restaurant attached to the premises were first class, and the supper table at midnight groaned under the best edibles and choicest luxuries that could be produced throughout the length and breadth of the sunny south. Money flowed free as water at the bar, over which attendants dispensed the various brands of liquor and sparkling wines with a skill and celerity that would astonish an unsophisticated northerner. Scott had recently taken the city of Mexico, bringing the war to a successful issue, but his popularity waned by the side of Taylor, who was the lion of the day. Mexico had proved an El Dorado to many of the bolder spirits of the time, whose theory was "that might makes right," and, not regarding the laws of war, had plundered defenceless men and lone women with all the cruelty and avarice of the followers of Columbus when they decimated the West Indies.

Most of those who were successful in concealing their ill gotten gains till they reached the states lavished them with a prodigal hand at the gaming table, the brothel and the dance house. One room of the Ponchetrain *suite* was devoted to Monte and the elephant game, which, when played square, were vastly in favor of the banker, but, with marked cards and loaded balls, it was an utter impossibility for a player to win, and those who presided over the tables at the Ponchetrain never played fair. The cloth, on which was depicted an elephant, cupid, the snake, the lady, and so on up to ten different devices, was spread before a Spaniard of giant proportions, who rolled a ball through a hollow tube and decided the fortune of the players. His wrinkled brow seemed to fester with every known crime and his eyes were as black as a coal. They appeared to shoot jets of flame when any pigeon, cleaned out to his last dollar, seemed to doubt the fairness of his play. Those who pretended to know him best said that he had formerly been a pirate and fought under Lafitte, but his possessed none of the merits of that famous sea rover. His sonorous cry:—"The elephant wins—the banker wins all," would have scared any man with brains from tampering with his game (for it was repeated a hundred times of a night), but there is an old saying:—"When wine is in wit is out," and the patrons of the Ponchetrain were such good drinkers that he seldom failed to reap a golden harvest when he presided at the table.

Never had Ellen D—— appeared to better advantage as regarded her splendid charms than she did that night at the ball. As the bugle struck up for the promenade, and she entered the door, hanging on the arm of the youth whom she most admired, there was a buzz of admiration around the room.

"She is as handsome as an angel. If she ain't gay, hang me!" said a New York thoroughbred, who was scanning the fine points of the fair ladies as they marched by, redolent with perfume and flowers. "By hookey! I'll bet Jack didn't have George S——s to cap for him when he got in with her. No, Johnny, you can bet your life on that and win, for S——s never gave a man a square cap in his life."

"Is that so, Albany?"

"True as preaching! It's always, 'daughter, there is a young fellow thinks a good deal of you. Says he would like to cap in with you. *Hasn't got a cent.* Says he don't believe you did. Some one was saying the other night that he said you wore dirty stockings, but I don't believe it. He hasn't won a stake against the bank in six months. I never did see a fellow in such thundering hard luck, *but he thinks a good deal of you.* He is on the outs with his last girl, because he hooked her watch and chain. I don't believe he would have done it if he hadn't been in hard luck. Says he loves the ground you walk on, and wanted me to give him the strongest kind of a cap. Did hear he was sick, poor fellow, but the doctor thought he would get better. *Thinks a good deal of you.* What shall I tell him?" There, that is one of George S——'s strong caps, but I never knew one of the boys to get in with a girl yet if he plead his case."

"I should rather think not," said Johny A——, with a laugh, "but they are forming a cotillion, and blame my skin if I don't get in the same set with Nelly."

"Go in on your shape, Johnny," said Albany, and, as the musicians struck up a lively air, there was a rush for partners that made the floor and ceiling of the ball-room tremble. The dancing, twenty years ago, was conducted in a more exciting manner than at present. In this assertion we have no reference to the artists of the stage who have immortalized themselves in the can-can, or manœuvred through the complicated mysteries of "Genevieve of Brabant." True, we had Eilsler, whose light, fantastic toes flashed like lightning behind the footlights, and those who remember her etherial and sylph-like form must feel slightly dejected to hear that she is married to a respectable butcher in Vienna, and at last accounts kicked the beam at three hundred pounds. Only to think of the divine Fanny dealing in bacon and sausages, and selling saurkrout at a kreutzer a quart. Such is the lottery of life. The prosecuted picture of Madam La Comte shows that the artists of a quarter of a century ago have not been out-done by the "Black Crook" *coryphees*, and that our worthy sires were as fond of viewing handsome legs as the present generation.

The patrons of the ball room, twenty years ago, (whenever capable), went in with a vim. To cut the pigeon wing gracefully was considered the *ne plus ultra* of Terpsichorean art. The gay young sport who could whirl round like a top spread his toes out like an extended pair of compasses, dash his heels together like castanets, and wind up with the forward wing was a conquest to be considered of by his female acquaintance, and the envy and admiration of the sterner sex, who were not able to perform such astonishing feats of dexterity.

The Ponchetrain ball-room was generally prolific with these elastic individuals, and one of the most conspicuous was James N——. The way he could twist himself through the mazy dance was bewildering to the beholders. Unlike Richard D——, he was acknowledged to be the handsomest man about town, *above his legs.* James N——'s charms were all in his pedal arrangements, though he was a good, sociable fellow, and bucked at Faro with any amount of nerve, having once run a quarter to sixteen hundred dollars in a few hours' play.

He had gained new laurels on the night we have reference to, and, at the leader's call of "Balance A—," or "Hands all 'round," he did such wholesome feats of agility that even the musicians, who were supposed to be posted and used to that sort of thing, were struck with admiration and amazement.

Things were conducted in an orderly manner, as a general thing, but sometimes a wrangle would take place, when the subject of cards or politics was brought up. Then those who discussed would often wax wroth, and one would proclaim, "I'm from South Carolina, I am; and I will have it so;" to which the other would respond:—"I am one of the F. F. V.'s, and you can bet your life I'll back my opinion;" but the affair would end in smoke when the leader shouted "Take your partners for a quadrille!" The room was nearly full, and it was one of the most lovely nights of the year. A sweet and pleasant breeze swept over the city from the lake, and, as yet, though the season was far advanced, the Sanitary Commission had not been able to prove a case of genuine yellow fever—that terrible scourge of the southern clime.

Ellen D—— had been engaged for every dance throughout the night, and the hand of the clock was close upon the hour of eleven. Pleading fatigue—the only excuse that a fast young Frenchman, clinched to a two thousand dollar diamond pin and a heavy gold watch guard that seemed to bend his neck, would take to let her off for the next set—she proceeded to take a quiet stroll around the balcony that surrounded the building, in order to enjoy the cool air and perhaps think of happy hours that had fled forever.

There was a group of men assembled some dozen paces from her, who were having an argument of some kind that eventually led to high words, and, as she overheard a part of the conversation, she drew closer, intensely interested in the argument.

Two of the men were soldiers of the late United States army in Mexico, and one of them carried an empty sleeve to his coat. His right arm had been carried away by a cannon ball before the gates of the City of the Montezumas.

"I tell you, Tom, that you are mistaken, and I am willing to back my opinion on it to the amount of my pile. His right name was not Luke Howard, nor could he lay any claim to Spanish Jack; for one night, when we bunked together in camp, he told me in confidence that it was Walter R——, and he hailed from Louisville, Ky."

"Well, hemp never swung off a greater villain, if all I heard about him was true," responded one of the crowd.

Ellen, as she heard the name of the one pronounced who had been the cause of her wild career, for a moment stood motionless and gasped for breath, but, mustering all her energies, she advanced and touched the one armed soldier on the shoulder, with the remark—

"I want to speak with you in private."

"I have no money to pay for wine, Miss," said the soldier, rather bluntly, for he was not a very ardent admirer of the fair damsels who frequented the Ponchetrain, having been fleeced of all the money he had perilled his life for by one of their number not a week previous.

"I heard you mention a name but a moment since—Walter R——."

"Yes, Miss, I was eight months with him in the army. We both belonged to the same company, the Mississippi Rifles."

"Come, follow me. I will not ask you to pay for any wine. On the contrary, if the intelligence you furnish me, whatever it may be, can be proved, I will pay you handsomely."

The Ponchetrain had several rooms devoted to private parties, and, the man nodding acquiescence, Ellen conducted the way to one, and, when they had both entered, locked the door, but she thought a moment, and, turning the key back, rang the bell and summoned a waiter. The table attendant was there in an instant, and Ellen turned to her companion and said:—

"What will you drink?"

"Whatever you please, Miss; anything comes handy enough to me except water."

"Bring a bottle of Heidsick—green seal," adding, "I settle the bill," as she observed the soldier looked rather uneasy.

The waiter, like a dutiful genius, performed his task with celerity and vanished.

"Come, drink and begin your story," said Ellen, whose face betrayed the greatest anxiety.

The man drew the cork from the bottle, filled his own glass and drank it with evident relish. He was a rough, hard featured person, and his language illiterate.

"What was it you was a-wishing to know of me, Miss?"

"About this Luke Howard, whom you said told you in confidence that his right name was Walter R——."

"Oh! that chap. Well, the long and short of it is the Mexicans hung him, and he is as dead as a pickled herring."

"For what crime?" she faintly uttered.

"Slitting an old Don's throat on the outskirts of the city, after he had knocked his wife and child on the head; but, Lord bless you! he was used to that sort of thing, and he would have got off free, with his boot legs full of doubloons, if he hadn't been caught in the act of setting fire to the ranch. But, thunder and Mars! you are as pale as a ghost. Shall I call the waiter?"

"No no, I felt rather faint for a moment. A glass of wine will revive me. Go on."

"And precious good sort of stuff it is for that business," said the soldier. "Damn me if I don't think it would revive a dead man if the doctor folks poured such medicine as that down his throat, and——"

"Please tell me more about Wal——, I mean Luke Howard."

"Why, if I was to tell you all I know about him, Miss, it would make them pretty golden curls of yours stand straight up on end; that is, if half the scrapes he said he had been through were true, and I have no reason to doubt what he related, for I don't think he had a bit of respect for God, man or the devil. Why, he was first mate for three years on board of a pirate that cruised the Spanish Main."

"Oh! world of misery! can what this man tells me be true?" she said, pressing her pale forehead with her jeweled hands. A solitaire diamond dazzled the soldier's eyes as she did so, and he said:—

"Lord, Miss, what a beautiful ring!"

"You like it? Take it," she said, stripping it from her slender finger and tossing it to him. "Go on! God knows my cup of agony is nearly full, but I must drain it to the bitter dregs."

"I'd talk a month of Sundays, Miss, for such a pretty thing, for it must be worth a pile. How she do glitter, to be sure!" he said, holding it up in the gaslight with an admiring air.

"It is worth more money than you could have earned honestly in the last three years, but do not delay—tell me more."

"You seem to think a heap of him," he said, as he stowed the jewel in his tobacco box.

"I did—a long time ago; more to-night than for the last ten years of my life spent here."

"Ten years! Now, if I don't disremember, that night was the time he told me he sailed to Africa, as supercargo of a slaver. There was one tantrum he cut up off the Congo coast that makes my blood run cold every time I think of it (and *I've* cut up rough enough the Lord knows). The brig he was aboard of had a full cargo of blacks, and, with a fair wind, was bound for Havana, when a British man of war bore down on her. The captain of the slaver stretched every stitch of canvas that she would bear, but the man of war gained on her every minute, and there was a fair prospect of the slaver's crew being taken and hung as pirates, when what does Walter propose——"

"Call him Luke—any name else," she said, with a tone of entreaty.

"Well, then, what does Luke propose but to chain the slaves two and two together, and chuck 'em overboard into the salt sea."

And did they do this horribly wicked deed?" she said through her clenched teeth, while a convulsive spasm seemed to shiver her frame.

"So he said, Miss, and laughed at it as a good joke rather, because they showed a clear manifest when the boat's crew of the man of war came on board and were permitted to go on their course in peace. As soon as it was dark they steered for the African coast once more, bought up another cargo, with rum, powder and what not, and landed 'em safe in Cuba. Ugh! Miss, he had the black flag—skull and cross bones—tattooed on his breast, and he used to swear by it when he wanted to confirm anything very particular."

"And my head has pillowed there," said Ellen, mournfully, "yet one question more. Did he die penitent?"

"Lord bless you, Miss, anything but that. They sent a priest to shrive him in his cell, but Luke bit his ear half off, under pretence of whispering to him, and concluded the outrage by spitting the bloody morsel in the holy father's face. The good man said he would as lieve try to shrive Beelzebub. After that of course there was no farther favors to be shown, and in an hour's time they hung him by the neck till he was dead."

"Would to God I had died ere I heard what you have told me to-night! but it is no fault of yours. Good night," and she rose from the table.

"I suppose you have no objection, Miss, to my finishing the bottle?"

"No! There is sufficient to buy you a dozen more if you desire," and she placed a fifty dollar note in his hand. "Are you satisfied?"

"I should think so! You have paid me like a princess."

"Again, good night!" She left the room, settled her bill at the bar, and, calling a cabman, bade him not to drive her immediately to her residence on Bienville street, but to an all night drug store in the third municipality. They arrived there at a brisk pace, and she gave her order to the young man who was in attendance. He looked at her with some surprise and remarked:—

"It is a larger quantity than we are in the habit of selling to one person.

"It is a case of urgent necessity," she said, nerving herself with a tremendous effort to appear calm.

He hesitated a moment, and then weighed the drug and gave it to her. It was an ounce of opium. She paid him, and told the cabman to drive as fast as he could to her residence in Bienville street. What passed in her chamber that night will ever remain a secret till that great day when the hidden things of all hearts shall be opened. Her last words to her servant were:—

"I am weary, Rosalie; do not call me before ten to-morrow, and admit no one."

"Not even Jack!"

"Not even him, for I must not be interrupted in the work I have to do."

She closed the door, and was alone with all the wild and dreadful thoughts that haunted her brain, and urged her on to the black abyss of despair. On the morrow the girl called her at ten, but received no answer. At length, thoroughly alarmed, she went for assistance, and the door was burst open. It was a dreadful sight. She lay on the carpet—stiff, stark dead! A calm and placid smile shone on the beautiful face, as though she saw the light of Heaven and heard the sweet words of Him who said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee—go in peace." Previous to the act of self destruction she had destroyed everything that might implicate or blot the fair fame of any of her numerous admirers. Only two lines of her writing were found:—

"DEAR JACK.—After what I learned to-night I could not look you in the face again. May God pity me and pardon the last act of my life.

ELLEN."

The coroner's inquest and the usual verdict was the result. She was followed to the cemetery by many of the frail sisterhood, and one of them read, with touching pathos, Hood's splendid poem of the "Bridge of Sighs" over her grave. Her sad history is not unlike the story of a fair but frail girl who was seduced by a midshipman, under the promise of marriage, and who ran a career of vice until she brought up in a Howard street bagnio. She always evinced the greatest hatred towards him who led her astray. One night the ship on which he was an officer was lost, with all hands on board, and she seemed to rejoice at the fact. The incidents suggested the following poem to the author, entitled:—

ON THE TOWN.

They call me a wanton! What if I am?
I nothing fear and my pulse is calm,
For every thought in my brain is born
To treat the world with an outcast's scorn.
Mother! wave not on that haughty brow?
Is it because I am on the town?
Last night the brow thou hast oft caressed
Was pillowed upon a wanton's breast.
Father! ne'er mourn for thy erring child;
He is only sowing his oats, called wild.
I am a wanton, with blight and flaw,
But treat me well as a daughter-in-law.

II.

Wife! well I know I am false and bold,
With thy husband's kiss and his reckless gold—
An actress true that thou must admire,
That can talk and smile with a heart on fire.
Dost thou believe that the tale is true—
I had a father and mother, too;
And, while I drift over sin's wild main,
They never may call me child again.
Hast ever read of a fate like mine
In the holy lore of a book divine?
How one who pitied the wanton's moan
Said "the sinless first must cast the stone."

III.

I had a dream of my home last night—
A lovely dream of my childhood bright;
For I heard the voice of my mother nigh,
And she sang me the old time hush-a-bye,
And she taught me tales that were pure and good
Of the sweet babes lost in the dreary wood;
Of Red Riding Hood and the gentle girl
Who spoke such word with a rose or pearl.
Oh! I was a happy child again
When she wove for my neck a daisy chain,
And I knelt in prayer at my mother's knee—
Thus far a most beautiful dream to me.

IV.

But the speller came—I remember well—
And sweet were the words from his lips that fell
I trusted all, for I ne'er believed
That a love like mine could be ere deceived.
He was false as hell, for his chastest kiss
Was a fouler thing than a serpent's kiss.
He turned to a curse a father's prayer,
And bleached the locks of my mother's hair;
And my marble heart shall be changed to dust
Ere the name he bore from my curse shall rust.

V.

I saw the ship from the pier depart
That bore the cause of my shattered heart,
And I alone of the wide world knew
That a Jonah false was among her crew.
I saw the storm clouds gathering fast,
And heard the roar of the angry blast.
I saw the ship as a drifting wreck,
And he alone on the blackened deck.
When his frozen heart thawed forth a prayer,
I shrieked in my dream:—"Despair! despair!"
And it echoed back, from his lying lip—
"Despair! despair!" from the foundered ship.

VI.

It would not do if I paused to think,
As I loitered nigh to destruction's brink,
And I dare not far in the future glance.
"Come, Shorty, treat! Say, Cap, will you dance?"
There is none for me who will fret or frown—
I am only a girl—that is on the town.
Yet he who the heart of the mourner cheers
Once talked his feet with repentant tears,
And she, long lost, found mercy there,
When she wiped them dry with her silken hair.
Oh! would that this storm of life could cease,
And, like Magdalen, I could go in peace.

Well has the poet written:—"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," but of man's inhumanity to woman who is able to cypher up the fearful sum. Peace to thy ashes, wronged Ellen D——, and at that dread tribunal, where all hearts may be judged aright, may you be accorded that mercy that we all hope to receive. *Thus endeth the third book of the "Chronicles of King Faro and his Satellites."*

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BALLET.

Concerning Nudity and Indecency.

It cannot be asserted by the severest moralist that the *ballet*, though it partakes of the character of a pagan festival, is of necessity indecent or immodest, and that it may not be made the source of much innocent and refined enjoyment. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that the *ballet* has exclusive attractions for men. Educated and accomplished women, both young and old, love to see a handsome girl, handsomely dressed or draped, displaying herself in the graceful figures and movements of the dance, upon the same principle that they admire a picture, a poem, a flower, a tree, a landscape, or anything in the works of God or man that appeals to the sense of beauty, proportion and harmony. And if one such young woman is a beautiful sight, fifty or a hundred or more of such women dressed alike, or slightly differing for the contrast of color, are, *pari passu*, a beautiful spectacle, when they perform their gyrations and evolutions upon the stage, and neither by gesture, nor sign, nor suggestion convey, or seek to convey, to the mind of the beholder any impression but that which springs from the legitimate exercise of their art. The scanty drapery of the *ballet* girls, when not carried to the extreme that suggests—not dancing, or the ease and grace of dancing, but something else—is no offense either against modesty or good manners. Yet ever since the days of Martial, and perhaps long before, the prudes, Puritans and sterner moralists of society have seen in the public dance a means for the corruption of public manners through the eye, which they have never wearied in denouncing. Addison, in the article in the *Spectator* from which extract has already been made, has a good-natured fling at the stage dancers of his day, when *ballet* was at yet unknown. "I," he says, "who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of the dancers—the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play." The costume of the modern *ballet* of thirty years ago, when Taglioni's graceful skirts barely displayed the knee, was objected to by the prudes of both sexes. In spite, however, of objections, good-natured and otherwise, the *ballet* has continued to grow in popularity, and the skirts of the dancers to grow scanty, and such entertainments have spread from the Italian opera houses to the great, and afterwards to the minor, theatres, and, finally, have invaded and taken possession of the music halls.

Bailey's lovely statue of "Eve at the Fountain," in which there is not the slightest pretense of drapery or concealment of the divine form fresh from the hands of the Creator, in purity itself; and any one who sees impurity in it has the impurity in his own heart. In the same manner, there is no indelicacy in the display of the pretty bare legs of little maidens of from four or five years old, or in the bare feet and ankles of the bonny Scotch lassies, innocent alike of shoes and stockings and of evil intent, though there would be indecency in the display of a naked leg and foot in the streets of London or Edinburgh by full grown damsels, who made the display for a meretricious purpose. There are statues and statuettes to be seen all over Europe in such nudity as is complete as it is beautiful; but when such statues or statuettes are imitated by purveyors of obscenity, and crowned with a modern bonnet, wrapped in a modern shawl, and encased in modern stockings, and nothing else, their vile intention becomes apparent, and they fall properly under the cognizance of the police. The display is not indecent *per se*, as when an actress of high attainments and genius, in default of an actor of truthfulness and talent enough to undertake the part, appears as Romeo, any more than it is indelicate or improper for a man to hide the form by appearing in petticoats to play the part of one of the witches in "Macbeth." The intention is everything, just as it is in killing. If you intend to kill, you are a murderer, and deserve the murderer's fate. If you kill in self defence, and in a just and patriotic cause—like a soldier—you are not blamable, but virtuous. In like manner, the scanty drapery of the *ballet* girl for the purposes of art, and art alone, is no offense against good taste or good manners; but if the *ballet* girl—not for the sake of art, but for the sake of attracting lewd attention—overdoes the scantiness and betrays the immodesty of her mind by her motions or gestures, she commits an offense, and ought to be hissed from the stage which she disgraces.

If at any place of public entertainment the undress of women is of a character to deter men from introducing their pure minded mothers, wives, sisters, or daughters to witness the performance, such place of entertainment is doomed to bankruptcy. It may drag on a precarious existence for awhile, by keeping within a hair's breadth of the penalties of the law that prohibits the immodest exposure of the person; but the world and the world's opinion are against it, and it must go the way of all anachronisms and offenses against the public conscience. But let us not, in the outcry against short petticoats, commit treason against an art that ministers, like other arts, to the gratification of the sense of beauty. All art is like music—it cannot be indecent or improper in itself, and is only made so by the extraneous association of words and thoughts that come out of the mind of the observer, and not out of the things observed. "To the pure all things are pure." "In dancing," says Sir Richard Steele, "all the charms of an agreeable person are in their highest exercise; every limb and feature appears with its reflective grace. As all art is an imitation of nature, so this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence. The business of dancing is to display beauty; and for that reason all distortion and mimicries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure. * * * The dancers on our stage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures as it

would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible." And it is in this respect that reform is, in our day, still more needful than it was in the days when Addison and Steele were the arbiters of taste and the high priests of criticism.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors *before* 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

NEWSBOY PATRON, Baltimore.—Many thanks for your kind intentions, but the Baltimore paper you refer to we never heard of before. We presume that its existence is unknown outside of a small circle in your city. It would avail nothing to notify it. "Our Jim" says: that if instead of asking "what are we coming to?" the writer had said "where are we going to?" the question could very readily be answered, for there can be only one place for a man to go to who will slander the dead.

EXCELSIOR, Baltimore.—1. He will probably visit your city next fall. 2. She leaves for California early in July, and will not play in this city before leaving. 3. Pecuniarily she is one of the best, but artistically she is not. 4. She was born in this city. 5. She is not engaged to be married to any one. 6. A new theatre will shortly be erected in your city.

W. H. HOLTON, Watertown.—1. The most expeditious plan would be to write to Thompson & Rizer. 2. Cool White is still with Mooney's Minstrels. 3. First class troupes have tried that city in opposition to the present one and all have failed. 4. Baltimore is a better place to try it. 5. We know nothing about him excepting that he has traveled as an agent. 6. He is middle man and bass singer.

FIAT FLY, Baltimore.—1. Lotta did receive Panjolo instructions from the Dobson Brothers. 2. She was nearly all last summer taking lessons on beating the snare drum in this city. 3. She probably will visit your city this fall. 4. She has not visited Richmond that we are aware of. 5. No fixed salary, but a portion of the nightly gross receipts after the expenses are deducted.

SKADUK.—1. The duties of a writer with a circus company are to go in advance of the concern about ten days, to all the towns to be visited, have the advertisements inserted, and prepare the local notices of the arrival. Such men are considered a good traveling agent to locate in a large city.

An Op[illegible]

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[illegible]ited States is probably the most [illegible]ery hard work to become a great and [illegible]obably they will not visit New York this [illegible]on. Lotta is considered the better lady-like [illegible] at billiards. A plays against B and C, carroms 65 [illegible]up. A bets C that he will not make 25 of the game. A has [illegible] B and C 64. C, having made 21, makes a five shot. Which wins?" [illegible] C wins.

YOU TIT, Baltimore.—1. He has no interest in the theatre excepting to draw his weekly salary as a comedian. 2. The manager must have paid his expenses the past season. 3. She is not engaged to be married to that gentleman.

A. B. C.—Ethan Allen and running mate's time, in their race with Dexter at the Fashion Course, June 21, 1856, was as follows:—1st heat, 2:15; 2d heat, 2:16; 3d heat, 2:19. 2. The English were not in retreat when Blucher arrived on the field of Waterloo.

C. F.—1. Her sister having been married to a man named Wood, it is not a difficult thing to see why the two sisters should have different names. 2. She is not on the stage now, but is residing in this city.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—1. Pearce, Pratt, Start, Pike, Smith, Ferguson, Chapman, Crane and McDonald. 2. Fisher, Radcliffe, Reach, McBride, Sensenderfer, Wright, Hatfield, Waterman and Johnson.

SMOKE, East Birmingham, Pa.—1. Items are always acceptable. 2. In what department of sport? 3. Johnny Newell beat Patsy Burns at Latonia Springs, Ky., July 27th, 1855. 4. It is out of print.

MCSCHERER, Boston.—1. He probably takes enough to keep him healthy. 2. Mr. M is considered a good clown, but not superior to the other gentleman. 3. They are the patterns of modesty. 4. See answer to Kate in last week's issue.

T. M., Oswego.—There is no special strain which possesses a decided superiority in size, looks, etc., over the others you mention, and indeed it is now almost impossible to obtain any pure, so extensively have they been interbred.

J. H., Washington.—1. Vile's best time was at Saratoga last summer, 1:46¼. 2. The best running time in this country is 1:45½, by Herzog, at Cincinnati, May 25 h, 1869.

FIVE TWENTY BAR, Oroville, Cal.—A is right. He can demand a sight for his $20, and B must give it him. 2. Australian Kelly is still living, and in good health.

ATLANTIC, Boston.—The fastest double team time on record was at Prospect Park, L. I., May 25th, 1869, by Darkness and Jessie Wales. Time, 2:38.

BIG W., Lake County.—1. The lady is travelling through the west with a dramatic company, but we cannot locate her at present. 2. Harry was in New Orleans a few months ago.

AN OLD READER, Ottawa.—Either of the advertisers in the CLIPPER will send you fair and square cards if you send an order to that effect, no doubt.

INTERNATIONAL, Troy, N. Y.—Dion played for the champion cue in Chicago. He played McDevitt four times for the championship, winning twice.

ANSON INQUIRER, Washington, D. C.—Creighton injured himself while playing ball, and afterwards died from the effects of the hurt.

BOX 220, Paterson, N. J.—You can doubtless obtain what you wish by calling upon or addressing in our care, Stephen Roberts, James McKay or C. B. Elliott.

F. E. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—"American Pastimes" by Chas. A. Peverelly, and "Physical Exercises," by Wm. Wood, will post you. A letter addressed to this office will reach the authors.

J. H. C., London, C. W.—Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, this city, for Ed. Price's book, which will give you all the information you desire.

SINGIST, Holyoke.—Your better course would be to get one of our dramatic agents to send you a complete list. We have not time to make one out.

FRIEND, New York.—The population of New York at the taking of the census in 1865 was 813,669, but now it is estimated at about 1,000,000.

NELL, Alexandria.—The lady has been on the stage only a short time, and we cannot give you any particulars concerning her birthplace, etc.

F. B., Cincinnati, O.—1. Coburn and Price fought on May 1st, 1857. 2. He beat Griffith on Nov. 15th, 1857. 3. He trained at McComb's Dam and Buffalo.

ZOELLS, New Orleans.—It has always been properly produced, been as successful as any of the English comedies and is considered as good as any of the standard English pieces.

PAT.—We cannot speak positively in regard to that matter, but we do not think it is a violation of the law. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommend that method.

L. A. S., Brewster.—The character of "A Party" by the name of Johnson" is in "The Lancashire Lass."

D. B. MARSH.—1. We have copies dated July 18th and 25th, 1868! 2. G. L. Fox was b m in Boston, Mass.

S. C. D., Boston, Mass.—We have not heard of him lately, but believe he is still at Buffalo.

THEATRE CAT, Cincinnati.—They are aged respectively 38, 18 and 17 years, and were born in this city.

J. P. STANTON, Dodge Co., Ga.—Thanks for your politeness and attention to the CLIPPER.

SPRINGER from the RURAL DISTRICTS.—We do not know his present whereabouts.

READER, Troy, N. Y.—Take plenty of walking and running exercise in the open air, and observe the rules prescribed for diet.

C. K., Great Valley.—We do not deal in such articles. One of our dramatic agents can accommodate you.

W. H. C., Philadelphia.—When a player begs the dealer has the privilege of giving him one point, or running the cards.

GOLDEN, Philadelphia.—Your opinion is right. No one has a right to go alone, except the player who made the trump.

A. B. C. AND D.—D had no right to go alone. B makes only one point.

FAT GLASS, Toledo.—Your last came too late to be of service; send your items so as to reach us on Monday, at the latest.

CHEAP IT.—Consult a regular practitioner. Don't try everything that is recommended.

CIGARS, Boston.—1. Five for the best trump is not taken until the hand is played out. 2. He is an American.

J. A. W., Elmira.—We published a sketch of his life at the time of his death.

EXCELSIOR JOE, New Orleans.—A goes out first, he turned up Jack scoring immediately.

C. DE L., San Francisco.—All right; make them complete and reliable. Thanks for your former favors.

C. W. B., Alton, Ill.—We know nothing about the firm further than that they advertise and pay the printer.

B. F. Chicago, Ill.—McCoole was born at Ballabuby, County Donegal, Ireland.

JUDGES, Janesville, Wis.—The outside bets go with the main stakes.

SUBSCRIBER.—Booth and Fairchuph made his last appearance in this city, at the French Theatre, commencing May 24th, 1867.

CLINTON, Bedford, Me.—1. No. 2. No. 3. Beals went to California.

T. SMALLWOOD.—The national debt of the United States has never been so large as that of Great Britain.

MINSTREL.—We cannot give you the lady's correct age, but she is past 33 years.

W. H., Williamsport.—A letter sent to Thomas Warhurst, care of this office, will reach Blind Thomas.

READER, Philadelphia.—John Brougham was born May 9th, 1814.

E. L. Davenport in 1856.

FRANK, Buffalo.—Thank you, but we cannot afford to notice such slow-aways.

SKADDLE, Lemonville.—Dexter was foaled in Orange County, N. Y., in 1855; he is therefore 11 years old.

FLAT, East Leavenworth.—1. Eighteen yards. 2. We do not know of any. 3. A "ringer" or "leave" only counts one.

H. G., Brooklyn.—We are not acquainted with the rules of pitch euchre.

JERSEY CITY.—The trump holder can give the player who stands five points, and throw up his hand.

SAMSON, Cranston, R. I.—He is obliged to lead a trump, if he has one, after taking a trick.

CONSTANT READER.—It is a misdeal and the cards must be dealt over again. Beamont take advantage of his own mistake.

POLLICKS, Pittsburgh.—She is of German descent. Cannot say when she will visit your city.

A. S. H., Boston.—1. Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1829. 2. Edwin Booth was born in November, 1833.

HAYNES, Greensburg.—It must be your agent's fault. We go to press on Monday, as formerly.

J. E., Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Write to Peck & Snyder, 105 Nassau street.

JOURNAL.—The Waverley seats 1,043 persons, and the Fifth Avenue Theatre 882.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburgh.—There is such a book published, and Bobby Newcomb, of the San Francisco Minstrels, is the author.

H. J. K.—The Unions are no longer champions

HARRIES, Bridgeport.—He is traveling with LaRue's Minstrels.

BEE.—She is about 26 years of age, and has been married twice.

R. V. D., Brooklyn.—Pratt and Martin.

E. A., Atlanta.—We have one, and have no use for another set.

T. J. W.—We are always glad to hear from you.

L. S., New Orleans.—1. Hatfield, 236 feet. 2. Yes.

D. S., Attica, Ind.—It was never published in book form, and we have not the papers complete.

HENRY SMITH.—Joe Goss was born at Wolverhampton, Eng.

DICK, Chelsea.—It is only entitled to two points for the euchre.

S. J. O., Philadelphia.—Continue if you have the leisure.

H. B., Jonesville.—Thank you. Come again.

IXION, Pittsburgh, Pa.—No; it was not broken.

MUGGINS, Baltimore.—The company are performing in California.

FRAY BOY.—We cannot inform you.

G. E., Pittsburgh.—Your items will be acceptable.

UNQUENCHABLE, Boston.—He was.

MONSTER CONCERTS AND THE PEACE JUBILEE.

The old stereotyped sneer against America for the exclusively practical character of her people is now rarely heard, yet but a very few years have elapsed—perhaps a couple of decades—since it was a thing next to impossible to draw a paying audience by the rarest combinations of musical talent, and the public would tolerate nothing more highly wrought than the English ballads of Russell and Dempster and Templeton. Audiences would laugh at *Costa Diva* who wept at the "May Queen" and "John Anderson My Jo," and turn up their noses at *Una Voce* who went into ecstacies over "Sally in Our Alley." The musical fraternity had a hard time of it in those days, for they came before a people whose natural tastes were dormant and needed to be cultivated to a higher standard. As for genuine musical criticism, there was none of it, and a writer with whom matters of art were a specialty could not earn his salt. With the coming of the Wilson-Shireff party matters took a turn, but it was a long while before Italian vocalism was listened to with anything like equanimity by a public which preferred its own language and its own interpreters of musical sound to the most finished of imported specimens. "Only a fiddle" was a proverb still in vogue. Then came Veuxtemps, Ole Bull and Sivori, and Leopold De Meyer, nearly all of whom required full orchestral accompaniment, and finally the great musical Napoleon, Jullien, whose concerts were "monster concerts" in spirit and letter, almost drowning individual perfection in a torrent of sounds which could be likened to Niagara only, and in which were submerged all stragglers of less accomplishment than the brothers Mollenhauer, or Vivien, the horn player. If Jullien's concerts were "monster," his audiences were monstrous also, and, although he was considerably ridiculed and satirized, his popularity overbore all opposition, and the impress of his music is still felt among us. Since then, music has been elevated into a leading art, until its votaries and professors are counted by the hundred in every prominent city in the land—many of whom wear laurels deservedly earned, while some have, by a sort of tacit interchange, won reputations in foreign climes. But with all this, it must be confessed there is, in the absence of the regular conservatories, a vast deal yet to be learned, and every festival which brings together in large numbers the disciples of music, forwards the cause of harmony and the interests of its votaries in due proportion. Flippant pens may jest at these multitudinous gatherings and sneer at the mammoth system as much as they please, but the big drum they laugh at so hugely will effectually smother the noise of their small penny whistles. It is computed that the actual participants in the forthcoming Peace Jubilee at Boston will be numbered by thousands, representing some hundreds of musical societies throughout the land. It is possible, and even probable [illegible] fusion and incompleteness [illegible] cert where so [illegible] harmon[illegible]

[illegible] become a

[illegible]ost of getting up an English [illegible]theatre or a ball. What a dolorous

[illegible]ge Dominion Rifle Association intend distributing $4,500 in prizes at their Halifax tournament in August next.

—Jacob Fernance, of Kansas City, Mo., 118 years old, can see well, converse freely, and does his own gardening.

—A rowboat with a crew of eighteen was capsized at New Orleans on the 22d ult., and eight of them drowned.

—Canines, sane and insane, have been transferred to the tender mercies of the Board of Health by Mayor Hall.

—An "ugly club," initiation fee $5, the ugliest man to be president, is a proposed institution for Indianapolis.

—Allen Darling, a youth of fifteen, was accidentally shot while gunning at Franklin, Mass., on the 23d ult.

—A society for the protection of trees, fruit, useful birds, etc., has been formed in Huntington, Mass.

—Eighteen marriage licenses and twelve divorces were granted in Laporte Co., Ind., in April last.

—The sum of $30,000 is to be expended for public fire works in this city on the glorious Fourth.

—A grey wolf and nine cubs were killed on the 14th ult. on the Mackinaw, Tazewell Co., Ill.

—6,000 mackerel per day were being caught by each Boston fishing boat last week, it is said.

—Gus Philips spoke a Deitsch piece at the Sagamore Lodge reception on the 26th ult.

—The Amherst College choir is to sing in the Peace Jubilee at the "Hub."

—The bass drum to be used in the Boston jubilee is 24 feet in circumference.

—A deaf mute debating club has been started in London, England.

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THE MATTER?—There seems to be very little animation among the "crack" base ball organizations of New York and vicinity, and were it not for our amateur clubs there would be little interest manifested in our National Game. Why is it that our professionals do not open the season in friendly competition? Do not let us have a repetition of last year's unsatisfactory proceedings, when the most interesting of our games were played toward the close of the season. If professional clubs do not make a better display the present season than they did during the past, it is but fair to presume that the system of playing hired men is a failure, and we will thereafter have to look to amateur clubs to give vitality to the game.

BREAKERS AHEAD.—Owing to the many accidents which have lately occurred on railroads, whereby several men have been fatally injured from being brought in contact with low bridges, a law is suggested compelling railroad companies to build their bridges high enough to clear the heads of brakesmen when standing erect on the tops of cars. Every *brakesman* will go in for it, for it *breaks man*-y heads going under low bridges.

JUST SO.—The New York *Express*, in speaking of the incomes of business men, says:—"Those who advertise make the largest *returns*." It is even so; the money *returns* to you that you spend in advertising, often multiplied. On examining into this matter it will be *found* that a great deal is *lost* by failing to advertise your business.

WHOLESALE ROBBERY.—They must raise some smart scoundrels as well as large cattle in Texas. Recently, twelve hundred head of cattle were stolen at one place. That was something of a *drove*, and the parties *drove* a great trade when they *drove* them off without detection.

AN UNEDUCATED MULE wants to know why one of the delegates to the Woman's Rights Convention was called "the most brilliant *brunette* talker in the country?" Probably because, in making a speech, he done it up *brown*; but that's only *our* opinion.

ANNEXATION.—An exchange says there is a strong feeling in the Sandwich Islands in favor of annexation to the United States. It cannot be a *strong* feeling, but rather a *feeling of weakness*, and a belief that there would be *strength* in union.

THERE IS A JUDGE somewhere out west who is the happy father of twenty-five unhappy children. It must have required considerable *judgment* to rear so many.

VELOCIPEDES IN 1816.

The illustration on our first page is taken from an old print and represents velocipede riding in the garden of the Luxembourg, Paris, in 1816. Many, doubtless, are under the impression that the velocipede with its numerous patented attachments and improvements are novel inventions, but such is not the case, for, as the picture shows, the principle upon which these toys of a past generation were made resembles in many particulars and is identical with that used in the construction of the more finished and elegant machines of the present general ion, the only improvement of note being the treadle attached to the front wheel, which enables the rider to propel his steed without touching the ground with his feet and to move along at a livelier gait than the old French beaux could have done. These more ancient velocipedes, however, were not without their merits, for to propel them the velocipedist must possess strength of limb and considerable agility, and his position when riding was more graceful than that assumed by his prototype of the present day, thus, as exercising machines they take the precedence. In 1816 the velocipede created quite as much *furore* as it does in 1869; it was admitted to all the public gardens of Paris, was the wonder and admiration of travelers, and was very popular with *la mode*, especially the fair sex, who, however, countenanced it with their presence only, as it was not then fashionable for them to navigate it. We are sorry that we cannot give our readers the fastest time then made and the name of the champion, but they can console themselves with the knowledge that their great-grandchildren can refer back to files of the CLIPPER and find a faithful record of what is done in the present day.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS TURTLE CLUB.—A number of the good fellows living on the upper part of Manhattan Island, in the neighborhood of Washington Heights, have formed a Turtle and Chowder Club, and, judging from the names of the members, we do not doubt their capacity at all. At a meeting held the other evening the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the season of 1869:—President—Chas. M. Connolly; Vice do.—Henry A. Topham; Treasurer—Gus. Phillips; Secretary—Martin A. Kelly; Directors—Robt. Cochran, Jas. C. Talcott, Thos. Tilestion, Sheppard F. Knapp, Gen. H. E. Davies, Jr., Thos. Rowe, J. B. Stillings, Hon. Jos. Porter, Jas. Archer, Aug. Belknap and F. L. Talcott, Jr. They will, for the present, enjoy their feasts on Fort Washington Point, and we believe intend next year building an extensive Club House. Sail, in gentlemen, there is nothing like it.

AN ANCIENT ATHLETE.—Mr. Joel Ferguson, living on Indian Kentuck Creek, in Indiana, is now in his ninety-seventh year, and reads without the aid of spectacles as well as he could when he was eighteen. He is still able to attend to his farm, performing much of the labor himself. Last week he plowed up three acres of ground and planted it in corn, his wife, who is seventy-seven years old, dropping the corn and covering it. Mr. Ferguson is the father of fourteen children, all of whom are still living, with the exception of four who died in infancy. The oldest son is now 62 years old.

STATUETTE OF THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.—Mr. McCarthy of 4 Peters court, St. Martin's Lane, London, Eng., has just finished a beautiful little statuette of the late Miss Menken, which, as a work of art, and for perfection of execution and resemblance to life, is pronounced by our London correspondent as something truly great. It was modeled from life, and reduced to its present dimensions by Mr. McCarthy, who has received several orders *from America* for the same.

THE WIDE AWAKES, of Brockville, C. W., and the Crescents, of Montreal, were contestants in a lacrosse match played at the former place on the 24th ult. The first game was won in twenty-seven minutes by the Wide Awakes, whereupon the Crescents went in with right good earnest and won the next three games in rapid succession, thus becoming the victors.

Squibs and Things.

—A sturgeon, weighing 84 lbs. dressed, was caught in the Wisconsin recently. What it weighed when undressed is not stated. In fact it was impossible to tell, because the finny tribe's avordupois cannot be demonstrated unless they are in scales.

—King George, of Greece, while out hunting recently, is reported to have shot a man whom he mistook for a deer. The accident overwhelmed the King with grief, and he has made all the amends possible by providing liberally for the man's family.

—A correspondent of the Ripon (Wis.) *Commonwealth* gives the number of clover seeds in a bushel. He counted the seeds in one ounce, and found 17,300. In one pound there would therefore be 276,800; in one bushel, 16,608,000.

—A valuable mocking bird was made the patient of a Boston surgeon recently, when its leg was found to be broken, which was then set, splintered, and in a few days the bone knit together, and the bird is now singing.

—An M. C. recently in debate shouted: "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major Veritas." The reporter next morning made the speech read, "I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Veritas."

—A lunatic in St. Louis, having Shakespeare on the brain, has been enacting the part of Shylock in the streets, carrying a pair of scales and a huge carving knife, and attacking fancied debtors.

—A gun that fires 500 shots per minute is being exhibited at San Francisco, Cal., and a Portuguese is credited with being the inventor of one that will fire 800 per minute.

—The Poles are having their children taught German instead of Russian, and German is spoken in all Polish places of amusement, in revengeful retort to the Russian *despot*.

—Salmon of the finest kind are now being caught in the Penobscot river, Me. Above Bangor they are taken in drift nets, and about Searsport and Bucksport in weirs.

—A whale dragged a vessel off Portsmouth, N. H., at a fearful rate, for more than an hour, a few days since. It had become entangled with the anchor, but finally escaped.

—The first Hartford passenger across the continent by the completed Pacific Railroad, was a young woman who had faith enough in a young man's word to travel 3,500 miles to marry him.

—Thomas Birch Orsion, one of the heroes of Fort McHenry when bombarded by the British in 1814, died on the 29th ult., at the age of 73 years.

—A natural cave of indefinite size, having an opening of 6 ft. in diameter, with passages running in different directions, has recently been discovered at White Pine.

—A splendid rowboat is being built for Miss Ida Lewis, the heroine of Lime Rock Lighthouse and the Grace Darling of America, by the citizens of Newport, R. I.

—The Oneida Community received orders from two firms in Chicago, in a single day, recently, for 1,117 dozen traps and two bear traps, amounting to $4,004.72.

—A quart of strawberries, 1¾ lbs. in weight, numbering 15 only to the quart, each over 3½in. in circumference, was exhibited in Norfolk, Va., the other day.

—Mrs. Anna Gregory, 111¾ years of age, died at her son's residence, Pulaski, Mich., a few days since. She was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., in 1757.

—From San Francisco to Boston in 7 days 11 hours, including a detention of 17 hours, was traveled recently, the journey terminating on the 22d ult.

—The contracting and breaking of ten matrimonial engagements is the boast of a young female of Terre Haute, Ind. Alas! what a lass.

—Small birds are disappearing so fast in Maine that stringent laws are asked for to prevent them from being killed and their nests destroyed.

—Twelve cotton mills with [illegible] 1,000 looms, [illegible]

VISIT OF THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB.—On the 4th inst. the Philadelphia Cricket Club will commence a two days' match with the St. George Club, of Hudson City. As this will be the first match of the season in this vicinity, it will be of no little interest. The St. George Club is getting itself in good condition by occasional practice. On the 29th the married and single members of the club had an interesting game, in which the benedicts were victorious by the totals of 85 to 68.

QUOITING.—An exciting game, said to be for $250 a side, took place on the ground of the Gowanus Club, Brooklyn, on the 26th ult., between Smith and Lacy of Brooklyn. After an excellent display of the beauties of the manly sport, Lacy was declared winner, having scored 41 points to Smith's 37.....The veteran Dunning is anxious to get on with some one, either with three, four or five pound irons. George is now in his 67th year, but will meet any one for from $50 to $200 a side.....On the 1st. there will be a gathering of New Jersey and Brooklyn players at the grounds of the Greenwood Club. On the 7th the return will take place at Newark.

STATUETTE OF THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.—Mr. McCarthy of 4 Peters court, St. Martin's Lane, London, Eng., has just finished a beautiful little statuette of the late Miss Menken, which, as a work of art, and for perfection of execution and resemblance to life, is pronounced by our London correspondent as something truly great. It was modeled from life, and reduced to its present dimensions by Mr. McCarthy, who has received several orders *from America* for the same.

THE ROSEDALE PLEASURE CLUB, one of the strongest of the many similar organizations of the metropolis, will hold their annual afternoon and evening picnic at East River Park, 84th street, on Wednesday evening, 9th inst. We tender our thanks for an invitation to "shake a leg" on the occasion, and wish them an enjoyable festival.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

The Prospect Park Fair Grounds Inauguration Trotting Meeting.

FASTEST DOUBLE-TEAM TIME MADE ON RECORD.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, MAY 25.

The inauguration trotting meeting of the Prospect Park Fair Grounds Association commenced on their newly constructed course, near Gravesend, L. I., about six miles from Brooklyn. The weather on the opening day was delightfully fine, and the drive through Prospect Park was magnificent, the entire route being through a country abounding with beautiful and picturesque scenery, with an occasional glimpse of New York bay, and the wooded heights of Staten Island in the distance. The course itself is admirably laid out, the grand stand being of great extent, and capable of accommodating over four thousand spectators. The stables, sheds, outbuildings, &c., are numerous and extensive, and all the accessories to a trotting track are on a scale of completeness rarely witnessed. The Club House is a splendid specimen of chaste and elegant architecture, being four stories in height, with a Mansard roof, square in shape, and with a double balcony running around the four sides. The shortness of the homestretch, and the position of the judges' stand, are the only objectionable features in the new track, the latter being placed midway between the club house and the grand stand, so that, in the event of a close finish, the occupants of these buildings cannot distinguish which horse has won, nor can they time the heats accurately. The removal of the grand stand into nearer proximity with the club house would readily obviate this fault, for the starting and winning score would thus be brought immediately opposite the grand stand. We doubt, however, whether the Prospect Park Course will ever become a popular trotting track with the citizens of New York, for access to it, unless by driving, can only be gained by the Coney Island horse cars and by steamer to Coney Island, the former route entailing a long, dusty and weary ride of two hours, and the latter a two miles' walk from the landing point to the course. With Brooklynites, however, it is certain to become a favorite place of resort, for the driving road is excellent, and through a country of great natural beauty.

The attendance on the opening day of the inaugural meeting was large and fashionable, and the sport embraced two races, one for a purse of $500, for horses that had never beaten 2:45, and the other for a purse of $1,500, for double teams, both mile heats, best three in five. In the first race, the winner was entitled to $350; the second horse to $100, and the third to $50. The following five horses entered:—Dan Mace's b m Lydia Thompson, E. Ward's b g Trenton (formerly called Defiance), John Murphy's b m Lady Ella, Dan Pfiffer's br m No Name, and Greer's b m Ellen Tree. The last named was withdrawn, and of the others Mace's mare, Lydia Thompson, had so high a reputation for speed that she was at once made the favorite as soon as the pool auctioneer, Mr. Thomas Johnson, commenced business, she bringing as much in pools as the others combined. Peter Manee drove Trenton, and this fact increased the general feeling in favor of Lydia Thompson, for, had Trenton been in the hands of a clever professional driver, he would assuredly have been the favorite, for in the race he clearly out-trotted all the others, and, with a capable driver behind, could have won the race. As it was, Lydia Thompson won the race in three straight heats, Pfiffer taking the second prize with his unnamed mare, who is by Young Patchen, and who trotted her first race on the occasion, and John Murphy the third with a beautiful and stylish granddaughter of Patronian. Trenton was left out in the second and [illegible]

[illegible] of the fa[illegible]

[illegible]and last. Without any change they went to the half mile in 1:10, and from this point American Girl, who kept up her steady stroke throughout, had the heat safe, winning by four lengths, Goldsmith Maid second, a length before Bashaw, Lucy fourth and Wilkes last. Time 2:23½.

SECOND HEAT.—In the pools Goldsmith Maid still received the call, for her friends argued that she was on a break when the word was given, and never was on even terms with the winner of the heat; she sold for $405; American Girl, $400; George Wilkes, $155; Lucy, $100; Bashaw, Jr., $85, and Rhode Island $75. After nearly a dozen false starts, they at last got off, Goldsmith Maid in the lead, Rhode Island second, on a run, Bashaw third, Lucy fourth, and American Girl last of the lot. Going around the turn some changes took place, and as the quarter pole was passed in 33 seconds, Goldsmith Maid was leading Bashaw a length, two lengths behind being American Girl, who had given Lucy, Wilkes and Rhode Island the go by. On the backstretch American Girl closed steadily on the two leading horses, and at the half mile pole they were all in a cluster, with the Maid slightly in front; time, 1:11¼. After passing this point American Girl drew ahead, and at the three-quarter pole was leading the Maid a length in 1:47, Bashaw having broken and fallen behind Lucy. Doble tried hard with Goldsmith Maid to reach American Girl, but Roden kept the latter steadily at her work, and she crossed the score a length ahead, Lucy third, Bashaw fourth, and Rhode Island last. Time, 2:23½.

THIRD HEAT.—Betting, $100 to $40 on American Girl, who took the lead from Bashaw at the turn, led the field a length at the quarter pole (36 seconds) and two lengths to the half mile pole in 1:11, Bashaw being second, Goldsmith Maid third, Lucy fourth and Wilkes last of all. On the lower end American Girl broke, but Roden quickly had her down again, although not before Lucy had taken the lead, which she held by a clear length at the three quarter pole. A fine and most exciting struggle for the heat was now witnessed between Lucy and American Girl, the latter gaining ground at every stride until, when within a short distance of the score, Lucy left her feet and ran over the score, American Girl winning the heat and race by a neck and shoulders. Bashaw, Jr., who had passed Goldsmith Maid on the homestretch, was third, two lengths behind Lucy, Rhode Island fifth, and Wilkes last. Time, 2:21. We give the summary of this important race:—

PROSPECT PARK COURSE, L. I., Saturday, May 29.—Premiums $5,000; $3,000 to the first horse; $1,500 to the second, and $500 to the third; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

M. Roden entered b m American Girl	1	1	1
J. Bowen entered b m Lucy	4	3	2
G. Nelson entered ch m Bashaw, Jr.	3	4	3
B. Doble entered b m Goldsmith Maid	2	2	4
D. Mace entered br s Rhode Island	5	0	5
W. Borst entered br s George Wilkes	6	5	6

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quarters.	Mile.
First heat	0:36	1:10	1:45	2:23½
Second heat	0:34	1:11½	1:47	2:23¼
Third heat	0:36	1:11	1:45	2:21

[illegible] and Needle Gun the last three in the order named. The time was 2:29. Two to one was now laid on Little Fred, and he won the second heat as easily as he had done the first, Belle of Brooklyn again second, Old Put third, Needle Gun, Lady Whitman and Jessie Wales fourth, fifth and sixth. Time, 2:23¼. Betting now ceased on the race, as Little Fred's victory, judging from never headed, and won the heat and race by two lengths, Needle Gun securing the second money and Jessie Wales the $100 for third horse. Time, 2:26½, which was remarkably fast time for a horse who had only previously been looked upon as third class. M. Roden drove him in admirable style.

THE GREAT RACE

of the meeting, for a purse of $5,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, free for all horses except Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy, was the next event, and was anticipated with the deepest interest. The winner was to receive $3,000, the second horse $1,500, and the third, $500. The importance of the race would have been vastly augmented had Lady Thorn been allowed to enter, and the condition excluding her showed in this instance a narrow-minded policy on the part of the association. As it was, there were six entries, and all of them came to the post. These were:—A. F. Fawcett's ch s Bashaw, Jr., driven by George Nelson; Dan Mace's br s Rhode Island, owned by Col. Sprague, of Narragansett Park; Norris Holcomb's b m Lucy, driven by J. J. Bowen; W. Lovell's b m American Girl, driven by M. Roden; W. L. Simmons' br s Geo. Wilkes, driven by W. Borst; and Budd Doble's b m Goldsmith Maid. Of this lot, four of them, Lucy, Rhode Island, American Girl, and Bashaw, Jr., are of the Bashaw strain of blood, the first named being by George M. Patchen, a great grandson of Andrew Jackson, himself a grandson of the imported Arabian Bashaw; Rhode Island and American Girl by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., also a great grandson of Andrew Jackson; and Bashaw, Jr., who traces his pedigree to the magnificent old Arabian, who rivals Messenger in the improvement his blood has produced in the trotting stock of America. Goldsmith Maid represents the Abdallah stock, and George Wilkes the Hambletonian, consequently these three famous strains of trotting blood were represented in this race. In the pool betting, which was enormously heavy, Goldsmith Maid was a hot favorite, a powerful and influential party of supporters never tiring of buying her; in the last pool sold she brought $580, George Wilkes $265, Lucy $230, Bashaw, Jr., $160, American Girl $125, and Rhode Island $100; total, $1,460. Each of the horses had a host of friends, except American Girl, who had few backers except her owner, Mr. Lovell, who, despite her three successive defeats by Lady Thorn and Lucy this spring, never wavered in his allegiance to her, but, conscious that in her he possessed a wonderfully good and fast mare, he pluckily backed her both to win the race and to beat other named horses in the race. So little did other generally shrewd judges estimate her chance, that a well known and esteemed sporting Senator bet Mr. Lovell $1,000 to $250 against her winning, and $500 to $250 that Goldsmith Maid beat her in their places; the same odds that George Wilkes beat her, and the same that Lucy beat her, all of which bets Mr. Lovell won. His gross winnings on the race by the success of American Girl were alleged to amount to over $16,000, so that he has more than recovered at one sweep all his previous heavy losings on her in her races against Lady Thorn and Lucy this [illegible] the horses looked well exce[illegible] too much flesh on him [illegible] he belongs to M[illegible]

[illegible] the start, at $100 to $30, and the odds remained the same after the first heat, which Billy Bird won. The second heat was a dead one, but Black Knight won the next three heats and the race. Time, 2:49; 2:47; 2:48½; 2:43; 2:49¾.

On the Union Course, on Friday, the 28th ult., a pleasant little affair came off in the presence of a small but select attendance, of whom many were elegantly dressed ladies. It was a match for $500, mile and repeat, owners to drive, between General Putnam and Black Crook, road horses, owned by two gentlemen belonging to the Jewish persuasion, whose respective friends formed the assemblage. General Putnam won in two straight heats very easily. Time, 3:12½; 3:12¼.

THE MATCH AGAINST DUTCHMAN'S TIME.—The day for the great match in which Mr. Meserole backs his well known trotting horse Myron Perry, to beat Dutchman's unequalled three mile record of 7:32½, is now fixed, and Monday, September 20th, is the time, and the Fashion Course the place for this great feat. The horse has to go in harness, carrying catch weight, and the backer of time, Mr. John Chambers, stakes $5,000 to $3,000 on the Old Scythehearer beating the trotter. Either party may forfeit and pay $1,000. The trotter is allowed to have a running horse to accompany him, and incite him to continued exertion in the race. A good day and good track is stipulated for, and should neither conditions exist on the date above mentioned, then it is to come off on the next good day and good track, the appointed judges deciding this point, in which the state and strength of the wind is to be taken in consideration. The stakes having been duly deposited, Mr. Meserole wins a bet, $500, which Mr. Chambers had laid him that he would not make the match to beat Dutchman's time. Mr. Rodin, who so successfully piloted American Girl to victory for the great $5,000 purse at Prospect Course on Saturday last, has Myron Perry in training, and will drive him in this memorable match against time. On the Fashion Course, on the 23d ult., he drove him a mile in 2:31½, a rate of

the ascent, when it took an easy curve into straight level running for a third of a mile, the course being very wide at this point; the remainder is on the descent to the distance stand, where the ground again rises.

The winner of the herby this year also won the 2,000 guineas stake, and the betting had gradually improved in his favor from the previous quotations for the past two or three weeks, when it had stood 2 to 1 against Pretender, 4 to 1 against Pero Gomez, 50 to 1 against The Drummer, 40 to 1 against Duke of Beaufort, and 25 to 1 against Ryshworth. The betting was even against Pero Gomez being first, second or third.

There was a tremendous struggle at the finish, Pretender only beating Pero Gomez by a short head, while a length divided Gomez and The Drummer.

Mr. W. Sadler's b c Pretender, by Adventurer, out of Ferina ... 1
Sir Joseph Hawley's br c Pero Gomez, by Beadsman, out of Salamanca ... 2
Mr. G. Jones' b c The Drummer, by Kataplan, out of My Niece 3
The Duke of Beaufort's b c Duke of Beaufort, by Trumpeter, out of Palm ... 4
Lord Stradford's ro c Rupert, by Knowsley, out of Rapid Rhone's dam ... 0
Mr. H. Savile's b c Ryshworth, by Skirmisher, out of Vertumna ... 0
Lord Scarborough's ch c Alpenstock, by Kataplan, out of Mountain Flower ... 0
Capt. Machell's ch c Martyrdom (late Martyr), by St. Albans, out of Eulogy ... 0
Sir J. Hawley's b c King Cophetua, by Asteroid, out of Mendicant ... 0
Mr. J. Johnstone's ch c Thorwaldsen, by Thormanby, out of Lady Byron ... 0
Mr. John Denman's br c Defender (late Sling), by Gunboat, out of Geneva, by Mildew ... 0
Mr. Padwick's b c Ethus, by Blair Athol, out of Theresa, by Touchstone ... 0
Mr. Joseph Dawson's ch c De Vere, by St. Albans, out of Apricot ... 0
Mr. T. Jennings' br c Perry Down, by Ben Webster, out of Airedale ... 0
Mr. H. E. Surtee's b c The Ægean, by Buccaneer, out of Thais ... 0
Mr. J. Johnstone's ch c Border Knight, by Adventurer, out of Miriam ... 0
Mr. Eastwood's b c Lord Hawthorne, by Kettledrum or King of Trumps, out of Lady Alice Hawthorne ... 0
Mr. H. Savile's bl c Neufchatel, by Parmesan, out of Middleton Maid ... 0
Lord Exeter's b c Tenedos, by Knight of St. Patrick, out of Besika ... 0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's br c Tasman, by Warlock, out of Tasmania .. 0
Mr. C. Ashton's br c Ladas, by Lambton, out of Zenobia ... 0
Mr. Merry's b c Belladrum, by Stockwell, out of Catherine Hayes 0
Time—2:52. Value of the stakes, £6,930.

The betting just before the race was even on Pretender, 5 to 1 against Pero Gomez, 10 to 1 against Perry Down, 20 to 1 against The Drummer, and 50 to 1 against the Duke of Beaufort.

Bets in this country should not be paid over, of course, until we have our report through a more reliable medium, as we know, from previous experience, that the wires occasionally send false news. A corrected report will appear in the CLIPPER as soon as we are in receipt of our English correspondence and exchanges. In addition to the Derby, the telegraph also tells us the result of the Epsom Town Plate and Bentinck Plate Races, run on the same day, which we here append:—

The Epsom Town Plate of 100 sovereigns, for all ages, half a mile, was won by Mr. H. Woolcott's Conrad, who beat Mr. Reginald's Fugitive, the Duke of Newcastle's Prince Imperial, and eight others. The betting was 2 to 1 against Conrad, and 6 to 1 against Fugitive.

Mr. H. Woolcott's b c Conrad, by Buccaneer, out of Viscountess .. 1
Mr. Reginald's b c Fugitive, by Blair Athol, out of Queen of Spain ... 2
Duke of Newcastle's b c Prince Imperial, by Young Melbourne, out of Julia ... 3

The Bentinck Plate of 100 sovereigns, half the entrance money 0 second horse, three quarters of a mile. Thirty-eight entries at two sovereigns each.

Mr. Reginald's Fugitive beat Mr. Watts's Mysotis, Hecate, and ten others.

Mr. Reginald's b c Fugitive, by Blair Athol, out of Queen of Spain ... 1
Mr. Watts' b c Mysotis, by Newminster, out of Souvenir ... 2
Hecate ... 3

On the following day "Her Majesty's Plate" and the "Two Year Old Stakes" were run for, about which the submerged wire thus communicates:—

LONDON, May 27.—The principal races at Epsom to-day were that for Her Majesty's Plate and the Two Year Old Stakes. The first named race was a plate of 100 guineas, for mares only; three years old, 107lbs.; four years old, 133lbs; five years old, 141lbs.; six and aged, 143lbs.; two miles and a quarter.

Sir R. Graham's b m Romping Girl, by Wild Dayrell, out of Gay, 5 years ... 1
Mr. H Wright's Expansion, 3 years ... 2
Bianca ... 3

The Two Year Old Stakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 100 added; colts, 122lbs.; fillies, 119lbs.; the owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovereigns out of the stake; any winner before starting to carry 5lbs. extra; half a mile; 43 subscribers.

Mr. S. W. Reeve's br f Pate, by Macaroni, out of Songstress 1
Mr. Lyndon Smith's br f by Macaroni, out of Miss Agnes 2
Lord Westmoreland's b c Guy Dayrell, by Wild Dayrell, out of Reginetta 3

The betting before the start was ten to one against Pate, four to one against the Miss Agnes filly, and two to one against Guy Dayrell. Nine started.

THE OAKS.

This, the next race in importance to the Derby at the Epsom Meeting, was run for on the 28th ult., and Brigantine proved the winner, as will be seen by the following quotation from our wiry informant:—LONDON, May 28th—Much rain has fallen throughout England during the past few days, and the weather is still very wet. The attendance at the Epsom Races to-day was consequently quite small, and the track was heavy. The first race was for a renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovereigns each. Closed with 193 subscribers. Fourteen horses started. The race was won by Mr. Cookson's b f Brigantine, beating Sir J. Hawley's Morna, second, and Sir R. W. Bulkley's Martinique, third. The betting was three to one against Brigantine, two to one against Morna, and eight to one against Martinique. Time, 2:48¾.

The second race was for the Great Surry Foal Stakes of ten sovereigns each, with 100 added for foals of 1866. The race was won by Mr. Joseph Dawson's ch c De Vere, beating Mr. Norman's c c Ægean.

The third race was for the Epsom Two Year Old Plate of 200 sovereigns, 55 entries. The race was won by Count F. D. Lagrange's Roquefort, beating Mr. S. W. Reeve's Pate, second, and Mr. F. Elliott's c Elferon, third. Ten started. The betting previous to the race was 2 to 1 against Roquefort, 4 to 1 against Pate, and 10 to 1 against Elferon.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ONE HUNDRED MILE WALKING MATCH.

THE BEST TIME ON RECORD IN AMERICA.

The match, to which we have previously alluded, between young McEttrick and John J. Curley, to walk one hundred miles in 24 hours for a purse of $250, the latter to be allowed a start of five miles, was decided at the Velocipede Rink, Boston, on the 24th and 25th ult., the victory being achieved by McEttrick, whose actual walking time is given as *eighteen hours and forty-three minutes*. If it can be proven that he faithfully performed the task in this extraordinary time, he ranks foremost on the list of long-distance walkers in America, and is second only to Captain Barclay, the once famous Scottish pedestrian, in the accomplishment of this undertaking. To establish the fact, however, it is necessary for McEttrick to have those who were appointed judges, time-keepers, etc., make affidavit thereto. If this is not done the statement will carry but little weight with it. The Boston *Herald* contains the following anent the affair:—

"At 8.39 on the evening of the 24th ult., Curley came into the rink dressed in a neat green and red costume, and immediately commenced his long journey. At the conclusion of the five miles, which he accomplished in 51:18, McEttrick struck in a very rapid gait and kept ahead of Curley. After walking about 50 miles Curley subsided, being requested to do so by his friends, who were confident of his inability to do anything with McEttrick, the latter having overtaken and passed him on his twentieth mile. At another inducement to suspend his feat, Curley received a telegram announcing the illness of a brother. After the withdrawal of Curley, McEttrick continued his walk and succeeded in performing one of the best pedestrian feats on record. The whole time consumed in walking the hundred miles was 25 hours 42 minutes and 45 seconds, thereby having 17 minutes and 15 seconds to spare. During the journey his aggregate resting spells were within 5 seconds of 5 hours, making his actual walking time 18 hours and 43 minutes. His longest rest was 1 hour 45 minutes and 15 seconds, during which, as well as at other times during the day, he was bathed in cold water and rubbed in spirits. His best five miles was from the 80th to the 85th, which was performed in 48 minutes and 35 seconds. The last five of the hundred miles was done in less than 50 minutes, and the last mile preceding it in 9 minutes and 25 seconds. Nearly all of the circuits of the rink were accomplished in 58 seconds each. His easy, jaunting, but very rapid and steady gait, pleased as well as astonished everybody, and his great feat has stamped him a pedestrian of remarkable powers of pluck and endurance. Most of the last 50 miles he was accompanied by his trainer, a young man named Evans. Mr. Enoch Evans performed the difficult duty of timekeeper during the whole trial, announcing the state of the walk at the conclusion of each nine miles. At the conclusion of the feat McEttrick was loudly cheered by the large audience present. He was in splendid condition, not appearing fatigued or worn out in the least, nor were his limbs swollen or anything visible to indicate injury by his great feat."

FOUR MILE RACE.—On the 10th ult. J. Baker, of Bow, and G. Imber, of Bethnal Green, London, Eng., ran a four mile race for £10 at the Prince of Wales Grounds. Both are of the bantam breed, the first named standing about 5ft. 2in., and stealing about 7st. 10lb., his age being on last November, whilst his opponent is only half an inch taller, scales 8st. 7lb., and has not yet attained his majority, having only reached his 20th year in August last. Baker has beaten Martin in a one mile match, and George in an 880 yards race. Imber will be remembered as a frequent performer at Hackney Wick, having been beaten by Deliew, won a one mile handicap, and contended in a great many others. Both men were in splendid condition, Imber especially looking the picture of health, while his opponent was rather pale, despite which the betting was two to one in his favor. Imber getting a slight advantage, led at the end of the first lap by two yards; this at the third lap he had increased to five yards, but, coming home straight for the completion of the fourth lap Baker rushed past his man as though he had been standing still, gradually widening the gap, and at the eleventh lap was leading by fully 30 yards. Imber now made strenuous efforts to overtake his opponent, and got within 20 yards, but could not get any nearer, for Baker eventually won by that distance.

THE CHAMPION MEETING.—The time is rapidly approaching for the decision of the events programmed for the meeting at Trenton. Since our last we have received the entrance fee for the half mile race from Jack Dancer, together with acceptances from James Thain, of Union City, Ct., for the 150 yards race, and from W. E. McCann, of Albany, for the 50 mile walking match. The elegant cup is now on exhibition at Frank Burns' House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, and attracts much attention. The managers are exerting themselves with commendable zeal to insure the success of the meeting and make the day one long to be recollected. A two mile velocipede race is to take place also, for a gold medal, which will doubtless prove an acceptable addition. We refer the reader to the advertisement in another column for full particulars.

TWO MILE WALK.—J. Underwood and R. Brown, of Regent's Park, walked a distance of two miles for £20 at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., on the 15th ult. 7.35 P. M., nearly three-quarters of an hour behind time, the men toed the scratch, and, upon the signal being given, they went off in a style which is becoming more prevalent every day, and one which, unless stringent measures are taken, will eventually put a stop to walking altogether. After trotting along for the greater portion of the first mile, three laps being covered in 5min. 14sec., both men settled down to their work, and at the mile Underwood was leading by two yards, an advantage which he retained throughout, winning eventually by four yards. Winner's time, first mile, 7min. 45sec.; whole distance, 15min. 12sec. H. A. Read was referee.

THAT 1,000 MILES ATTEMPT.—Captain Chas. Bullock, of Brooklyn, who projected the proposed walk of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, informs us that the following entries have been made:—Joseph Trotman, of Boston; Charles Johnson, of Cincinnati; James Miles and John Goulding. He also states that as soon as he can arrange with the proprietors of some suitable track he will place the amount of $1,000 in their hands, to be awarded to the winning man.

C. N. PAYN AND J. K. LANERGAN commenced to walk one hundred miles at Buffalo on the 26th ult., in the midst of a rain and over a heavy track. Lanergan subsided upon the completion of the fifty-eighth mile, while Payn followed suit at the close of the ninety-third, when he was still comparatively fresh, having walked the last mile in 7¾ minutes. It was a failure in all respects.

AMONG THE SPORTS at Streetsville, Canada, on the Queen's Birthday, was a one hundred yards race for a five dollar bill. There were eight entries, and P. H. Landers, of Washington Mills, N. Y., won in two straight heats, being seven yards in advance each time.

A ONE HUNDRED YARDS RACE took place at Bay City, Mich., on the 27th ult., between Eli Dennis, proprietor of the Canada House, and Jack McIntosh, for $50 a side. Dennis won by about two yards.

HARRY HOWE, in a walking match against time at the Star Grounds, North End, Fulham, Eng., on May 17th, accomplished two miles in 19 min. 33 sec., balancing an empty stone jar on his head.

JAMES COLBERT left this city for Philadelphia on the night of the 29th ult.

BASE BALL.

THE SPORT IN THE QUAKER CITY.

KEYSTONE vs. EXPERT.

On the 25th ult. the Keystones played their first game with the Experts. Gwynn took Bechtel's place in this game, and Radcliffe having resigned, Ewell went behind the bat. The first change did not work to advantage, as Gwynn did not play up to the mark of his predecessor. The contest was long and uninteresting, and it was only by the heavy batting of the Keystones on the 5th innings, when they scored 23 runs, that they finally became victors. A singular feature of the game was that not one of the Experts was put out at first base. The score follows:—

KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.	B.	EXPERT.	H.L.	R.	B.
Dick, 2d b	3	5	4	Fulmer, s s	4	4	4
Flowers, s s	2	5	4	Leif, c	3	4	3
Weaver, 1 f	4	4	2	Burleigh, 1 f	3	3	1
Kulp, 3d b	1	7	6	McMenomy, 2d b	1	6	4
Gwynn, p	4	4	1	Ward, c f	4	3	2
Haftach, c f	2	6	4	Ryan, p	2	5	3
Garber, 1st b	6	3	3	Munoe, 3d b	1	3	3
McClarnen, r f	4	4	4	McKenna, 1st b	4	1	1
Ewell, c	1	5	7	McDonald, r f	3	2	4
Totals	27	47	35	Totals	27	30	24

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Keystone	5	0	4	5	4	1	3	1	2—47
Expert	0	5	4	1	3	13	3	0	—30

Umpire—Mr. E. Cuthbert, of the Athletic. Scorers—Messrs. Morneu and Hughes. Time of game—Four hours.

ATHLETIC vs. OLYMPIC.

On May 26th the return game of this match took place on the former's grounds. McBride was absent from the Athletic nine, and Meyerle pitched. The game opened in favor of the Olympics, and it was not till the third innings that the Athletics gained the lead. On the fifth and sixth innings the Athletics batted very heavily, scoring no less than twenty runs. The Olympics also handled the ash very heavily all through the game, and in the last innings scored eight runs. The day was very warm, and there was a large number of spectators present to witness the meeting, the Olympics, by their defeat of the Keystones having gained many friends. We append the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	B.	OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	B.
Reach, 2d b	3	5	5	Kern, 2d b	2	5	4
Wilkins, r f	4	4	2	Schafer, 3d b	3	4	4
Cuthbert, c	1	8	3	Rorke, p	4	2	3
Fisler, 1st b	4	4	3	Miller, c	3	2	2
Sensenderfer, 1 f	4	5	5	Clinton, c f	3	3	4
McMullen, c f	3	5	4	"Roberts," 1st b	4	3	3
Foran, 3d b	2	6	4	Rose, r f	2	4	5
Meyerle, p	4	5	5	Hargesheimer, s s	2	2	4
Berry, s s	2	3	5	Oram, r f	2	3	3
Totals	27	45	35	Totals	27	29	28

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	4	1	3	5	2	3	2	1	8—29
Athletic	12	8	1	0	10	0	8	6	3—45

Umpire—Mr. Clark, of the Powhatan of Brooklyn. Scorers—Messrs. Bell and Wright. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.

ATHLETIC vs. INTREPID.

The second game between these clubs was played on the 29th ult. It was by no means a first-class display, the fielding being very loose on both sides, but more particularly with the Intrepids. McBride was still absent from the Athletics' nine, and his loss was severely felt. Myerle pitched, and McMullen caught, and their general play is highly spoken of. Harrop pitched effectively for the Intrepids, and, had all the chances been taken that were offered to the field, the Athletics would not have scored a dozen runs. The summary is as follows:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	B.	INTREPID.	H.L.	R.	B.
Reach, 2d b	4	5	3	Moore, 1st b	0	3	4
Wilkins, r f	1	6	6	Caldwell, r f	1	5	1
Cuthbert, c f	2	4	4	Harrop, p	3	0	1
Fisler, 1st b	5	3	4	North, 2d b	7	0	1
Sensenderfer, 1 f	2	4	2	Finley, s s	3	3	2
McMullen, c	3	3	3	Yarnall, r f	2	3	2
Foran, 3d b	4	3	2	Crowell, 3d b	1	5	3
Meyerle, p	2	4	1	Corey, c f	2	4	4
Berry, s s	4	3	2	Weisgerber, c	4	2	2
Totals	27	35	27	Totals	27	21	23

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	1	8	2	0	5	0	10	1	8—35
Intrepid	1	2	0	0	0	4	6	0	8—21

Umpire—H. Schafer, Olympics. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

OLYMPIC vs. UNION.

The Olympics are having their hands full of work this season. Following the game with the Nationals, came a friendly game with the Union club. This club having organized for the season, invited the Olympics to the opening game, and they, nothing loth, took the Unions to the National's grounds and taught them how to play ball by scoring 60 to 16. The batting of the Olympics was heavy, and the play was better than that of the day before. The Union nine had not played before; with practice they will do much better. Some of them batted very finely. Austin, a new player, did not meet their expectations, having struck out three times. Below is the score:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.	B.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Emmel, 1st b	4	2	1	0	Force, s s	1	10	8	0			
Campbell, 1 f	3	3	3	0	Demilson, 1st b	4	3	5	1			
Biden, p	3	3	1	1	Swartz, r s	3	5	6	1			
Clay, 3d b	1	3	1	1	Robinson, 1 f	4	6	7	1			
Bryan, r f	2	2	3	1	Woods, 2d b	0	9	6	0			
Shepard, c	4	0	1	1	Barry, 3d b	6	3	3	0			
Babcock, 2d b	3	1	2	1	Leech, p	2	8	6	0			
Foster, s s	1	1	2	3	Young, r f	1	8	8	0			
Austin, c f	1	1	1	0	Rundle, c f	2	8	7	0			
Totals	24	16	15	8	Totals	24	60	57	4			

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	1	2	5	2	3	0	1	2	0—16
Picked Nine	11	9	8	13	9	3	2	5	1—61
Blue City	1	3	4	4	3	0	9	7	29

Umpire—W Smither. Scorers—J Thompson and J. Jones. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

TOUR OF THE CINCINNATI CLUB.—This famous western club start to-day (Tuesday, June 1st,) on a months' tour, during which time they will meet all the leading clubs of the country. They will play their first game at Columbus, Ohio, on the 2d inst., and their last at Wheeling, W. Va., on July 1. The following is a list of their engagements:—

June 2, with the Capital, of Columbus, O.; 3, Independent, of Mansfield, O.; 4, Forest City, of Cleveland, O.; 5, Niagara, of Buffalo, N. Y.; 7, Excelsior, of Rochester, N. Y.; 8, Central City, of Syracuse, N. Y.; 9, Auburn, of Auburn, N. Y.; 10, National, of Albany, N. Y.; 11, Union, of Lansingburg, N. Y.; 12, Lowell, of Boston; 14, Tri-Mountain, of Boston; 15, Harvard, of Boston; 16, Yale, of New Haven; 17, Mutual, of New York; 18, Eckford, of Brooklyn; 19, Atlantic, of Brooklyn; 21, Princeton, of Princeton, N. J.; 22, Keystone, of Philadelphia; 23, Athletic, of Philadelphia; 24, Olympic, of Philadelphia; 25, Maryland, of Baltimore; 26, Olympic, of Washington; 29, National, of Washington; July 1, Baltic, of Wheeling, W. Va.

MATCHES TO COME OFF.—Several good games will take place this week, the most important being the Mutual and Eckford games on the 5th inst. On the 1st inst., the Mutuals and Irvingtons will play their return game, and the Olympics will visit Jersey City to play the Champions; on the 2d the Socials and Sports will meet at Hoboken; on the 3d the Eckfords will visit Fordham and play the club of St. John's College; on the 4th the Mutuals and Orientals will commence a series; and on the 5th, in addition to the Mutual and Eckford games, the Stars and Alphas will meet at the Capitoline ground.

MINOR MATCHES.—On the 27th ult. the Rivals, of Manhattan College, and Athletes, of Washington Heights, played an enjoyable game, in which the former were victorious by 29 to 19. The Marion Club, of New York, visited Peekskill, on the 25th ult., and defeated the Nameless Club, of that place, by a score of 36 to 11. On the 24th the Flyaway and Athletic clubs met at Hunter's Point, L. I., and the latter's club was defeated by the score of 56 to the latter's 10.

ATLANTIC, OF PITTSBURGH.—This club has re-organized and elected the following officers:—President, W. W. McCandless; Vice President, Harry Palmer; Recording Secretary, B. F. Lloyd; Corresponding Secretary, Cal. Rayburn; Treasurer, A. D. Keally; Directors, W. W. McCandless, D. Brosey, Cal. Rayburn, J. Robb, W. Moore. The first nine will consist of the following gentlemen:—Stopple, c.; Brosey, p.; Page, 1st b.; McCandless, 2d b.; Boyle, 3d b.; Hay, l. f.; Boose, c. f.; and Palmer, r. f., with Messrs. Keally, Rayburn and Moore as substitutes.

BALL PLAY IN NEW ORLEANS.—The second nines of the Washington and Fearless clubs played a match on the 23d ult., the former winning by a score of 51 to 26 ..... The Lone Stars and Southern Star, clubs of the Crescent City, were contestants on the same day at the festival of the F. W. M. The Lone Stars won, scoring 36 to 26.

RE-ORGANIZATION.—The old Excelsior club of Newark, N. J., has re-organized, with the following officers:—G. F. Somers, Pres.; F. Dorl, Sec.; V. Schraudt, Treas., and N. Sealy, Capt. During their formancy, another club of the same name sprung up, and on the 3d inst. the two organizations wfll play for a ball and the title, on the Cricket grounds on R. R. ave.

THE ECKFORD NINE.—The Eckfords have completed their nine finally, and a really excellent one it is. Jewett, c.; Martin, p.; Allison, 1st b.; Patterson, 2d b.; Nelson, 3d b.; Hodes, s. s.; Tracy, l. f.; Eggler, c. f.; Pinkham, r. f. Shreve was left out of the nine, after one or two trials, being found too weak at the bat.

THE LONE STAR CLUB of Shamburg, Pa., were victorious over the Pioneers, of Pioneer, by a score of 23 to 16, on the 25th ult. Between four and five hundred persons witnessed the game, which occupied 2 hours and 17 minutes.

BUCKSKIN, OF GLOVERSVILLE.—The above club lately re-organized by the election of the following officers:—E. Beach, President; J. Hyman, Jr., Vice President; M. F. Button, Secretary; W. D. West, Treasurer; Philo Mills, Charles M. Ballentine, and Geo. Gilespie, Directors. The club has secured the Union Fair Grounds for use during the season.

SUMMER GAMES.—On the 29th the Waterwitch and Irvingtons had a tussel—W. 43; I. 10. The Eurekas and Arlingtons have played two games this season, the latter being successful in both—score of first game, 32 to 27; second, 61 to 19.

ATHLETIC VS. KEYSTONES.—Radcliffe having resigned from the Keystones, a series of games has been arranged between these clubs. The first game will be played on the 4th inst.

ONE SIDER.—The Forest City Club, of Rockford, Ill., in its first game of the season, on the 25th ult., defeated the Harvard Club, of Harvard, Ill., by a score of 110 to 11.

THE AMATEURS defeated a nine made up of three belonging to the Oneidas and six picked players, at Newark, N. J., on the 27th ult.; score, 32 to 25.

VELOCIPEDIANA.

A ONE HUNDRED MILE RIDE.

Harry Leslie, the tight rope artist, is now an accomplished performer on the fiery velocipede, which fact he demonstrated to the satisfaction of an admiring concourse of ladies and gentlemen residents of the Smoky and Twin Cities on the 24th ult., when he succeeded in accomplishing the task of riding one hundred miles in ten hours and twelve minutes, including stoppages, or eight hours, twenty-one minutes and twenty seconds actual riding time. Mark Bates, the "play akter" held the time piece, and Alfred Moe, the skatist, attended Leslie. Jimmy Hamill trained the "hero of Niagara" for the attempt. Below is a table showing the time made for each five miles of the journey:—

Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
5	0	23	15	55	4	35	00
10	0	47	0	60	5	1	50
15	1	11	15	65	5	25	30
20	1	37	00	70	5	52	30
25	2	2	15	75	6	15	00
30	2	26	30	80	6	39	45
35	2	57	00	85	7	6	30
40	3	15	00	90	7	31	10
45	3	41	00	95	7	55	45
50	4	9	30	100	8	21	20

A CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

The challenge from Mr. Boyle, through our columns last week, was promptly responded to by Swift, the parties holding a meeting on the same day upon which it was thrown out to the public, and without much trouble arriving at a satisfactory agreement, the articles of stipulations whereof will be learned by perusing the following protocol. We understand both men are already in training, and, as they are expert propellers of "der masheen," fast time may be expected on the day of decision:—

Articles of agreement, entered into this day, May 25th, 1869 between E. Swift and James Boyle, for the sum of five hundred dollars a side and the championship, in a velocipede race, mile heats, best two in three, allowing ten minutes between heats; the race to take place in New York or Brooklyn on the 23d of June, 1869, good day and track; both parties to be ready for the race at 4 P. M. on the day specified. The first deposit, of $50 a side, is now staked in the hands of Mr. FRANK QUEEN, who shall be final stake-holder; the second deposit, of $100 a side, to be made June 7th; the third, of $100 per side, to be made June 14th; and the fourth and last deposit to be made June 19th, of $250. Judges and referees to be chosen on the ground on the day of the race. The stakes not to be given up until a fairly won position be decided. Either party failing to comply with these articles, to forfeit all claim to the money staked. In pursuance of these articles we hereby attach our names.

FRANK SWIFT,
JAMES H. BOYLE.

Witness:—HENRY C. CONN.

THE NEW VELOCIPEDE RIDING ACADEMY, situated on Smith Terrace, near Richmond road, Staten Island, and established by Mr. Otto Friede, himself an expert bicyclist, was publicly opened on Monday evening, May 24th, by appropriate entertainments, which were witnessed and enjoyed by a large and fashionable attendance. The hall in which the riding took place measures a hundred by fifty-six feet, and was built expressly for its present use. It is well ventilated and lighted, and commands a delightful view of the bay and the city, and, better than all, is free, with one exception, from those annoying obstacles to riders, columns and posts. A brass band of eight pieces was in attendance, enlivening the occasion by selections from Offenbach and other popular composers, while the exercises themselves, which were participated in by Messrs. Kemp, Dreyer, Wickham, Sprout, Williamson and Stebbins, of this city, and by other amateur riders of the Island, consisted of fancy riding, bridge riding, tag, the double act, the handkerchief trick, etc., and concluded with a pantomime on velocipedes.

HALF MILE RACE.—A race, half mile heats, best 2 in 3, took place at Hamburgh, N. Y., on the opening day of the horse fair, 27th ult., for a purse of $50. Fred Hanford, G. De Witt and Edwin Walker entered. Hanford and De Witt's driving wheels being over forty-one inches in diameter, while Walker's were forty-six inches, it was claimed as an advantage in their favor, to offset which Walker was allowed eight rods handicap. The first heat demonstrated that the smaller wheel but larger crank is the most economical power for common road or track racing, for while Hanford would lead Walker right along on the hard road, notwithstanding Hanford's tremendous efforts, on the soft parts of the track Walker would overhaul and pass him, evidently with little loss of wind. De Witt, laboring tremendously to keep in sight, lost his wind and hauled off. Hanford, passing the score only fifteen feet ahead, gave the race, as per agreement, to Walker. Time, 2:30. The second heat, though hotly contested, was fairly won on an even wheeled footing, Walker coming in half a length ahead, winning the heat and race in 2:37.

LEGS DEFEAT THE BICYCLE.—The races advertised to take place at the Velocipedrome, Buffalo, N. Y., on the evening of the 15th inst., drew together quite a large company. The principal event was the attempt of C. N. Payn to walk two and a half miles while the velocipedes ran five, the latter to have two minutes start. Kendall was the first to move, and before the two minutes had expired he crossed the score of the first half mile and completed the mile in 4:13. Husted then relieved him, but, there being only one stopwatch to be had, no time was taken. When the distance was one half completed the contestants crossed the score within two seconds of each other. But here Payn increased his gait, although the pace he was before going at led many to believe that he had been doing his best, and, on ten circuits more had been made, it became evident that he must win, which he eventually did, by fifty-one seconds.

MILE RACE BETWEEN FEMININES.—The announcement that three "giris of the period" who have attained to great proficiency as rotators of the bycycle would compete in a contest of that character was sufficient to attract a large attendance to Riverside Park, Boston, on the afternoon of May 28th. Three prizes were offered, viz:—a cluster diamond ring of the value of $100, a gold watch worth $50, and a gold chain valued at $20. The names of the go-aheadative damsels were Miss Emma White, Miss Addie Worrell and Nelly Harrison, and the race was half mile heats, best three in five, the riders mounting astride. Nelly won easily in three straight heats, Addie being second in the second and third; time, 3:45; 3:27 3:37.

RIDING ON THE WIRE.—On Saturday, May 15th, Paul Martinetti gave his first public performance on the aerial velocipede at Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal. A thick rope, stretched from gallery to gallery, was attached to end of the Pavilion, about 20 feet from the floor. Mounted on his machine, he made the run forward in fine style, then went backward the entire distance, and again went forward to the end of the rope—a total distance of 750 feet. Three times he stopped, perfectly motionless, poised in mid-air, removed his feet from the treadles, and throughout showed a coolness and grace that was heartily applauded. It was a fine performance, and has never been equalled there.

LIABILITY OF RINKS.—The Acting Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that velocipede rinks are liable for a special tax on exhibitions, and on the receipts from such exhibitions, the same as theatres and other places of amusement; but that tuition fees from scholars and receipts from strangers and for the incidental use of the velocipedes are not liable to be returned in such gross receipts.

PROF. SWEET is in constant training for his velocipede journey of three thousand miles, upon which he is to start on the 1st proximo.

THE MESSRS. HENVEY offer $80 in cash prizes to the best velocipedists who compete in the tournament which commences at Buffalo on the 1st inst.

AQUATICS.

THE INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY RACE.

The coming boat race between fours representing Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge Colleges—the most important event of the kind now in prospective, or which has commanded the attention of the public since the meeting between Kelley and Hamill, which it far surpasses in interest—continues the theme most discussed by sporting men, additional interest being added as time rolls onward, bringing the culminating point nearer and nearer. The Harvards are now taking regular exercise upon the Charles river, and we presume their rivals are equally assiduous in their efforts to secure that perfection of physical condition and skill in the manipulation of the spruces which will be essential to success in August next. Though the impression is very general (a natural result of the occurrences of former years) that merit will be ignored in the approaching race, and victory fall to the lot of the strong—providing, of course, a manifest superiority upon the part of the Americans creates a necessity for such action, we have every hope that the contest will be characterized by the utmost fairness, and that the winners will be fully entitled to the honors attached to the victory achieved in a perfectly fair race. The fair fame of the approaching regatta, and the honorable men as well as oarsmen, will be at stake in the matter, and we are confident that they will not stoop to the adoption of improper means to ensure the defeat of their antagonists nor countenance any dishonorable act. They are, however, powerless to prevent outside parties, who may be pecuniarily interested, from throwing impediments in the way of the Harvards, but the latter can guard against this themselves by having an understanding prior to the start, that should they be interfered with during the race, by boats putting out from shore or otherwise—whether such interference be claimed as accidental or not—they are to immediately cease rowing, and a fresh start be made. It is possible to secure a clear course, and we trust our representatives will take the requisite precautionary measures to secure that desideratum.

The Harvards are at present exercising in their six-oared boat, which they will shortly exchange for a new four-oared craft, when real practice work will commence. The waist men, Bass and Rice, are improving so rapidly that the crew will soon work well together. Joseph Story Fay, of Boston, and G. G. Willard, of Chicago, have also been rowing with the crew to test their endurance and skill. Messrs. Bass, Rice, Fay and Willard were the candidates for waist men, and, although they all did so well that it was almost impossible to select two on the question of merit, Bass and Rice, it is generally understood, will be the middle men, while Fay and Willard will go as substitutes. Mr. Fay is a member of the Harvard Law School, is 22 years old, stands over 5 feet 11 inches, and will bring down the scales at not far from 185lbs. on the day of the race, if in his best "fix." He has had quite a varied experience as an oarsman, having taken part in eight races, and is now rowing stroke of the Law and Scientific crew. It will be remembered that he and John Tyler won the double scull race in the Boston City Regatta last Fourth of July. He is of very thick, though not particularly broad build, and has an exceedingly sound look. All admit that his wind and pluck are of a high order, and had he been more accustomed to stroke, which he has fixed his picking up, there would be little doubt that he would be, as he may yet, one of the four.

Gardner Goodrich Willard, of the class of '69, was before known as a rower in '66 than at any time since, his athletics meanwhile having been studied on the ball ground. Few base-ballists need be told that he is, or has been for the last day, Captain of the Harvard University Nine, and few will question his stamina and grit. His head, and particularly his jaw, looks as if hewn from oak, and we understand that he is daily showing just the qualities every one who knows him or who has seen him would expect in his preparatory work for the crew.

LOVE AND WOE.

A Romance of the Mighty Deep.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A Halibut sang to his lady-love,
A Mackerel, under the sea,
The while he played on his light banjo,
"O, come and live with me!"
The deep, blue waters were rolling
Beneath them and above,
But more fiercely rolled his glassy eye
As thus he sang to his love:—

"I know," sang he, "of waters far
Less salt and briny than these,
Where we can swim or not, and do
Exactly what we please;
Let us fly from here to-morrow, my dear,
And a life of love begin—
You stole my fond heart long ago,
And I offer you my fin!"

And the little Mackerel looked askance,
And trembled in every bone;
She confessed, with a tear, that she worshiped him,
And lived for his love alone;
She further promised, the following morn,
To the place he mentioned to go,
And the Halibut struck up a wedding march,
On the spot, on his old banjo.

"Heave ho!" the fishermen sung,
Captains and crews and cooks;
"Heave ho!" and down they sent
Their lines and baited hooks:—
"I'm hungry," the little Mackerel said,
"And I'll take one little bite
To stay my stomach, for I shan't sleep,
I'm so very nervous to-night."

The Halibut came for his lady-love,
And he looked like a gay young swell;
But she, on the fishing vessel's deck,
Lay a lifeless Mackerel.
He searched every nook and corner,
He fondly called her by name,
But nothing but mocking echoes
To his ears for answers came!

Then frantically, to and fro,
The startled Halibut flew;
As the hours sped by and he found her not,
More scared and frantic he grew!
Till at last he met her sister,
With her eyes full of briny tears,
And the tale she told of his true-love's fate
Confirmed his terrible fears!

And ever after, on lovely nights,
When other fish are asleep,
That broken-hearted Halibut
Doth his ceaseless vigils keep:
No longer he tunes his old banjo
To strains of love, they say,
But funeral airs and other things
Of a similar kind doth play.

His cheeks are hollow, his form is thin,
(He used to be sleek and fat)
He mourns by night and he mourns by day,
And he wears a weed on his hat;
Once he kept the best of company,
And was tasty in his dress,
But now of prevailing fashions
He knows little, and cares much less!

In vain his father, a hearty old sport,
Endeavors his spirits to raise;
He neglects his food and has taken to drink,
And is ruined in various ways.
His mother tells him there's other fish
As fair as she doth swim,
But he beats his head and flaps his fins,
And says they're nothing to him! J. H. B.

THE CRUISE OF THE SASSY SALLY.

A Sketch of the Raging Wave and the Salt Sea Brine.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I am an enthusiastic admirer of boating in all its varieties, and have a passionate fondness for the water—at a safe distance.

I can imagine nothing more delightful than the open sea—as witnessed from the Staten Island Pavilion over the top of a nice mint julep or sherry cobbler.

There is something exhilarating in the salt sea breeze, and there can be no finer subject for the pencil than a fleet of yachts making handsomely for the stakeboat in the offing.

Once took a plunge in the surf at Coney Island, and did have thought it prime if I hadn't been carried off the undertow and chased by a shark.

I have devoured all the sea novels of Cooper and Marryat, and am highly impressed by their choice of sea ists, although I haven't the slightest idea whether they correct or otherwise. All the novelettes I read for same reason.

I am death on the nautical drama, and have sat on a front bench in the Bowery pit until half past twelve o'clock, P. M., in ecstacies over Long Tom Coffin, Susan's Blackeyed William, and things in that line. When John R. Scott used to take that long hitch in his canvas trousers and fetch his pard in the eye with an old tobacker quid, requesting him to "shiver his tarry toplights," I always joined in the roar of applause that shook the building, and was the first to remark that I had been mistook for a sailor too, and blushed to think that I was only a land lubber.

Of course, matters couldn't go on in this way forever. Likewise, in course, you know that the boating season has arrived, or you will allow me to say that you read the daily papers to little purpose. If you may believe what you hear in nautical circles, one-half our young men and a goodly proportion of their seniors are building yachts all take the rag off the bush that has ever been gotten up to outdo us in foreign waters. Last year I indulged my propensity to the extent of a sailboat, and, lured by reports of extraordinary hauls of fish which I had read in the papers, (and which were maliciously said to have been written at the instance of leading publicans near the fishing grounds,) went forth at an unearthly hour armed with rod and reel to capture the finny inhabitants of the adjacent bays and estuaries. I failed miserably in every instance, until I became convinced that the fish know enough to embarrass your hooks with old stove pipe and oyster cans, giving a jerk and following just near enough to the surface to witness your wrath at the disappointment, and then scudding off with a flip of the tail at your greenness; then I knocked under and did no more fishing.

But a boat club is a horse of another color, and, feeling a touch of the old enthusiasm, this season I assisted in the formation of a boat club too. We were a whole fortnight in making our preparations, when a party was organized, to the members of which various duties were assigned. We had our "bo'sn," and our "cox'n," and coxwain, and cabin boy, and all the rest, appointed, and a dozen gay youth in aquatic guise hurried down to the wharf an hour before the time on one of the brightest May mornings, only to learn that our "plunger" had gone off the day before with a fishing party, and "hadn't bin heard on sense," said our affable boatman;—"bin blowed off to sea," he supposed—the third boat he'd lost this season; but it was comfortin' to think as they'd all gone down with it!

What singular notions these old mariners have of comfort! So they make it up in the long run; they don't care who goes to feed the moss-bunkers, and we who tempts the brine so gayly to-day may be spread out to manure the field of some heartless old Shrewsbury farmer on the morrow, or fatten the oysters which our *bon vivants* will devour with so much gusto at Delmonico's.

Having been at considerable expense, we concluded that it would hardly be the thing to "give it up so," especially as two very pretty representatives of the downtrodden sex were with us, before whom we were desirous of showing off our nautical accomplishments. We, therefore, froze to the next best specimen of naval architecture in that vicinity, and now had only to wait for Diggs, who presently came struggling down to the wharf with a hamper, which he carried from side to side in a manner calculated to arouse the most fatal suspicions as to his seaworthiness. This invaluable package being thrown into the boat end, first, in the hurry of getting in, from an altitude of, I should say, about twenty feet, and direct at my head, as if I had been a target, there rose on the stilled sense a suffocating smell of something more potent than bilge water, not greatly to the improvement of tongues, pickles and pastries; but in due time another hamper came down, and the word to cast off was given by our first officer, Fancy Jack Briggs, who, in his shaggy roundabout and tarpaulin, looked every inch the sailor.

Of course, on such occasions there will be *contretemps*. The hawser in descending fell over the neck of my chum, Clem Johnson, like a lasso, and flung him into the water like a condemned mattress, but, thanks to his red cravat, we sighted him as he sank, and the boat hook, cleaving through the water in the manly hands of Tom Bowney, secured a good grip on his nether integuments, and he was hauled over the side and dumped in the laps of our lady adventurers, the very picture of an astonished codfish. After running over several large vessels and nearly sinking one or two ferry boats, we did contrive to get up sail, and dashed away merrily for the night-heron on Bedloe's Reef, at which point the fun aliarating us that we unanimously broke out in chorus,

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!"

"But isn't it getting rather squally?" said young Spooner, the musical man of the party, who had been strumming and tuning his guitar, with an insane idea that he was to be allowed to play it. As this question involved an unpleasant suggestion, I looked at my friend, Beverley, who was my beau ideal of a sailor before the footlights, and had been all over the world in all sorts of craft, and said:—

"What's your opinion, Charles? Our friend Spooner here thinks——"

Just then a catspaw of wind—I think that's what they call it—struck the "Sassy Sally" and sent us all over to leeward, each making a grab at his neighbor's nose, or necktie, or hair, or anything, to prevent going overboard. A terrific sea took me full in the face, and when I rose I fully expected to find the place occupied by Beverley vacant. But no—dratham! there he sat in the stern, firmly grasping the tiller with his left, looking to windward, and Misses Tilly and Peggy fondly reposing upon his shoulders—his dreadnought coat being over them.

"Are you sick, Tucker? Come—none of that, my boy" said Uncle George, our fisherman, who had been hired to go along, as he slapped the victim heartily on the back.

Tucker wheeled feebly round with the glaring eyes of a shark and a faint smile on his lips, and, putting his head over the side, appeared to be whispering something to the water nymphs. Then, recovering, he said:—

"Oo, noo—a—ll—ll quammish; 'at's all. Sardines 'n oysters won't agree. Stop boat little—soom be ober" and he again went to whispering—a second Sir Rupert to his submerged Lurline.

Being now well out on the outer bay, the Sassy Sally behaved so much like a shipwrecked tea-caddy, and took so much water, that we were obliged to take to the pumps and all hands were set to shifting the sand-bags. Mr. Beverley, with a recklessness which it makes my blood run cold to think of, singing "Cease, rude Boreas," and other Dibdinian effusions in a voice that fairly howled down the wind he was apostrophizing. My main reliance, Birdie, who was the bulliest sort of a sport on shore, was holding on by the centre-board like a drowning mariner to a spar, and Diggs, who had smashed the first hamper, was lying on his back, kicking up his heels and idiotically laughing, in the bottom of the boat. Matters really were beginning to look serious. A northeast gale was rising, and the billows were running mountains high. We hailed several tugs and pilot boats, which passed us in disdain. A proposal was made to make fast to the new quarantine, which was only two miles distant, and was fast running away from us. Not far off was a spot of land—an island speck in the great sea of waters—to which we turned with reminiscences of the *tempest* running riot in our imaginations. It was decided to take in sail and row for it, the boom, as it fell, striking poor Tucker square in the back, and nearly cutting him in two. But we ran her ashore, though at the expense of her keel, and under the lee of a sand hillock contrived to fashion a sort of shelter with the boat and the canvas, under which the trembling girls (who didn't seem at all afraid while Beverley was near them) were snugly stowed, and all fell to attacking the lunch with the energy of men whose lives depended upon the exertion.

Visions of Selkirk on his desolate island flitted through my excited brain. Even this refuge, I thought (with a passably pretty young woman for a Friday), would have been a Paradise in preference to the sea, which, I have observed, always rises (like the price of gold) when nobody wants it to.

That night I fell into a troubled sleep, or, rather, nightmare, in which I dreamed of Ida Lewis coming to my rescue in a one oared jolly-boat, and taking me off to a second Minot's Ledge, and presenting me to her father, and accepting me in marriage the morning after. I awoke with Spooner's heel half way down my throat, my own hand half chawed off by Tucker's teeth, who had been dreaming of starvation,

Shall I narrate the horrors of the two eventful days succeeding? How we ate up everything and drank up everything that came handy (except a choice round of beef that was run off with by our dog Wigwag, who dropped it in the water and swam away, and never returned to us, thus annihilating our only hope of a bountiful stew from his ribs, and leaving us to the horrors of starvation or cannibalism!) I won't—I spare your sympathetic nerves, for you may one day be in a fix somewhat similar, and then you will know what it is to be reduced to an old felt hat, a pair of garters, a woman's chignon, an odd boot, a piece of sassafrass root, a dead fish and a clam shell, made into a *regard* and washed down by the last, thick dippings of an emptied water cask.

On the third morning, the gale having abated, the party were preparing to debark, when the cabin boy, who had charge of the boat, having taken his eyes off it for a moment, it floated off of its own accord, and the last we saw of the Lively Sally was the gaily painted sternpost of that fairy craft as she floated out seaward.

We were thinking of casting lots when the wind fell, the drifting fog and spray dispersed, and we found ourselves on a projecting spit of land off Fire Island, across which we might at any time have waded.

I am satisfied; I have been on the rolling deep; I have tested the dangers of the mighty expanse of waters once divided by the prows of Hendrick Hudson and Christopher Columbus; and all I can say is, let it rest! I won't do anything to stop it. I bear no animosity to Mr. Cooper, or to Captain Marryat, nor even to that treacherous Beverley, whose Wildina and Long Tom Coffin I still regard as high achievements in that line of art. But when I intimate my utter want of qualification for the duties of seamanship, and that other books than those I have mentioned are necessary to the attainment of perfection, I trust my word will be taken. BOB O'GOTHAM.

VALKING DOWN BROADWAY.—No. 10.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COFTY GOOFT.

Here is Billy Henriquez again, Sharley. You remember I pointed him out to you some time ago. Vell, he says dot he vill find dot der Yon dot but his name in der CLIPPER owes him "a difference." Billy, of you mean plesness und vant to bet, Sharley und me vill accommodate you—pud ub or shud ub, und no checks eider—checks is of fery leedle account now-a-days.

Dere is a goot many of der members of der Shtock Exshange bredend dot dey dond like it a bit to hafe deir names pud in der paper, und dere is a goot many dot hafe'd been in are afraid dot dey vont be in. Dey are dickled to death mit it, Sharley, und I know it. Dere is a goot many dot vont get in, und dey coodn'd get in elder, as dey are not vorth it. Some of der hook-noses will be left oud, und shust because dey vant to got in. "I shvear, so hellup me heafens, dot id vas a burchase, und ids goin ub und id vill be 200 insite of 10 days already," dot is vat dey vill tadd you. *Alle dey are doing der same shtock.* Sharley, I vonder of der Board vill adjourn over "Goot Friday" nexd dime id comes; of dey do dey vill hafe to recognize also der "feasd of der Bassofer" too, or somepody will be chealous. Come, leds go around in New shtreet to Billy Young's, und see of any von has been since ve've been gone. Von more crack at dese fellers und den we'll take in der Golden Rule shown to.

Sharley, dond you like to hear a berson make a sbeech, ven he can do it nicely? Vell, dis gendleman mit der pald head und English viskers is a sbeechisd; dis, Sharley, is Robert Waller, und it vood done your heart goot to hear him dalk vonce.

You see dot dall, din berson mit dot Solferino muslash Dots Musgrave, und he is der best bosted man in der market, his quodations are buplished in der efening babers.

Here is der Scratchetary of der Board, Sharley, George Brodhead; a goot man he is too; he has been der Secredary of der Board for 20 years, und he nefer had a vote against him. I belief he dond like Benjamin F. Budler any doo vell, Sharley. Mister Brodhead lifes at Inwood, but I dink I heerd somepody say dot he had selled his place to Leroy Nichols.

Here is der fader of der Board und President of der New York Shtock Exchange, dis goot sized man mit grey side viskers; dis is W. H. Nelison, und he is so broud of dis Board like a colonel vood be of his regiment. He has been a member of der Board of Education, Sharley, for a good many years, und he has done as much for public schools in der city of New York as any von in de coundry. Sharley, der coundry ought to been full of chust such men like him.

Here vas a man dot is fery heafy on commiddees—dis von mit der pepper und salt musdash—John Bonner—und he looks as of he owned der hole Shtock Exchange; he don' dough, Sharley, I vooldn't care of he did—dere is vorse men dan him.

Dis is Rufus Hatch's man, und his name is Newcomb—no, not Bobby Newcomb, so dond get dem mixed up; he is bound der same size as Bobby, und he is a singisd, doo, only he sings shticks, und he can sing dem pooty vell, doo, for a leedle feller.

Dis one, Sharley, mit der prown musdash, vas a shmard feller—dis is Josephson, und he knows chust eckseckly vat's vat; of he dond, he dinks he does und det's der same ding. He is always ready for a bet, und is a shport generally.

Sharley, here is a fine lookin' yunk man mit der black musdash—A. Wolf, Jr. He is a goot pisness man, Sharley, und he is vell liked by der boys. He always puts me in mind of a bicture of Joseph I see ven I vas in Paris in 1812. I mean der Joseph dot Mrs. Potiphar dried to catch, but he said "not for Joseph," und Mrs. P., so der Got Book says, vaxed exceeding froth. Yes, Sharley, Wolf handsomes much.

Dis shord, dick set beesen mit black hair und eyes is Harmon Nathan. Harmon deals a goot deal in shticks, und he is villing to look any von's obinion for chust vat it is vorth. I used delt you a leedle nannygoad, Sharley, vile I dink of it—nefer mind dem shleban fans, I see dem, dey vont fall down; lisden to der story. You know I bointed oud Bill Travis der oder day; vell, vonce on a dime, a member of dis board, a gendleman of der Israelidish berswasion, come to Bills und he says:—"Mister Travis, I radder dink ve vill ye a goot shtiff market, und Uncle Dan (Dan'l Drew) says dot so und so is a going away up inside of 10 days." Sharley, Travis cooked at him for bout a minut und says:—"Ha—ha—he—how der def—def—def—emfi ca—ca—can he—he, *you*—un—un—unner—uncle? I do—do—le—thought he—he vas a Med—Med—Med—Medodist."

Dis is Minder Paulding—he looks like Nelse Seymour someding, dall und dark like Nelson; he is T. S. Marlor's head man, Sharley, und he is noted for his boliteness in requeadjing trempets to keep out of his sead.

You see dot snort fat feller dot looks shust as if he vas all mussely? Dis is Mark Hamilton, Jr., der President of der Union Ball Base Club. Mark is a gay boy, Sharley, und he is fery heafy on broken German; you ought to hear him vonce make a sbeech at a dinner barty; he is immense, und he has der table in a roar of laughing all der dime; der boys ust to hafe a goot deal of fun mit Mark, und I radder dink he vont hafe so much room to carry on in as he did ust to had. He is a first rade feller, Sharley, und he vas as full of fun as a egg dot is full of meat.

Dis shord man mit iron gray hair und viskers is J. P. Lazarus. He is a fery leadable man, ambitious, und dinks dot der "clipus" are honesd. Sharley, he is a man dot vill some day make his mark. Lazarus is a very strong subborter of General Grant, und simbly because Grant says, "Let us hafe beace."

Dis dall shbare man is John Tobin. He vas Commodore Vanderbilt's head man in der Harlem mofement bond two or three years gone bast. He has peen in der bed of sickness lately mit dot hoodding cough, und der last of der shtreed of it knocked Quicksilver und oder shticks "kidding" but, Sharley, dot rejoices me to say dot Tobin is vell now, und he vill made some of dem "neo" pefore long of der dond look oud.

Here is Smith, Gould and Martin's backer, and dis dall, shtroud man mit a tigid muscash, dis, Sharley, is E. K. Willard; he is a smard man, Sharley, und I vooldn'd be surbrised some day of hearing dot he had peen buyer at a sourish of open, house und lot und vagon abound to it.

Did you ever saw General Phil Sheridan, der von dot took "Sheridan's Ride?" Look at dis berson und you vill see him. Dis is J. Struthers, und he looks chust like Sheridan; he is a smard feller, Sharley, und he is always goot nadured und laughing.

Und here is a man dot looks someding like Grant—dis is S. V. White. White is a bold operator, und he has made a leedle bounse full of money; he has gif liberally nerf, Sharley, und will sell a "Put" or a "Call" any dime.

Sharley, did you efer see a goot feller dot efery you liked dot vasn't a goot feller? No, nor me too elder. Here is a goot feller, und efery you likes him—dis is G. A. Fanshawe, sometimes called der Giraffe of der Forest—he does not confine himself to any barticular shtock—he takes a back at anyding dot comes along, und he has made a bigdeal of money doin it, doo.

Dis dall gendleman is Tom Tileston, from der River House. Tom vas a gay boy, und efery vonce on a vile him und Bob Cochrane goes fishin for shnipes—or for indance I dond know vich—for indance I guess—Tom is Doctor *Shoppen's* right bower; somedime sincely he had a idea of goin by California, but he didn't vent already, und I dink vood'n vent for sumedime to vome yet. Tom is dreadful fat a vound doo he recfed in a vide vas a vere he vas a General, und efery vonce on a vile it obens und causes him much griefousness. Tom is funny, Sharley, und if he had his own way he vood be vorth a million to-day, or yesterday, of dot suids you any bedder.

Dis gendleman mid der black viskers und mustash is der shtep-fader of der Board, John Penny. Of dere is any ding in dis vorld dot Denny hades, it was a leedle shoker in New Yersey say-shtuff. Penny operates largely in Pacific Mail, und is a great bear—Sharley, ven he offers sellers 30's and 60's on Pacific, he knows chust vat he vas a doin.

Dis is leedle fat Jo, Jo Taylor; he is a great feller—has got a hole mondful of nice deeth, but he nefer shows dem; he is quide a success as a vendriloquist, und he can balance a fedder on his nose bedder dos any von in der Board; he is fery funny, Sharley, und he nefer laughs at anydin he does himself; oh! no, I guess not.

Dis dall, shtoud, fery handsome gendleman, mit der gray musdash, is R. L. Cutting, der Ex-President of der Board, von of der Badriarchs; a broder of der renowned Francis B. Cutting; like all der Cuttings, he is a fery careful man, nefer squanders anyding.

"Vell, vat do you dink of der market?" Dis shord, dick sized man, mit grey und red viskers is Gideon Potts; he vas a gendlemanly, kind hearted, confiding man; shtoops a leedle under der veight of "Mariposas" vich has peen a goot card for him, und his many friends are glad for it. "Vell, vat *do* you dink of der market?"

Dis shtoud, proad shouldered berson, mit dot reddish musdash, vell filled paunch und leedle dwinkling eyes is der most successful man in der shtreed; let him tell it. Of Cendral sells at 80 in der morning und 85 at night, who buyed it in der morning? Vy I, R. Bater, dot's who.

You hafe often heerd told bound Lord Shesterfield, did'nd you, Sharley? Dis is von of his disciples; dis big, round faced feller; dis is Jenkins Van Schaick, der Shesterfield of der Shtreed; he is very heafy on theaters und blaces of amusement, Sharley, und he oney goes to hafe his mind released from der cares of pisness. Dot's all.

Sharley, you know Gus Schell—dis is his broder Richard; he is a gread friend of Commodore Vanderbilt's, who has bosted him right on Cendral and blayed Poker mit him at Saratoga. Richard has saw so many ups und downs as any von in der Board, Sharley, but has fought his vay drough on his nerf.

You see dis dall young feller mit dot imidashun brown shtone hat? Vell dot is Jim Boyd, Groesbeck's man. Sharley, you have read und heard of Sharmers; vell, Jim is von of dem, oney he is a check sharmer. Jim is a fine yunk feller, careful, mit dwo eyes to pisness, und vill some day, of he dond got in a sdreak of bad luck, be vorth a hole crowd of money. He lifes ofer der Jerry, und is a gread lady's man. Jim is vell liked amongsd der Bulls und Bears, und efery von speaks vell of him.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

THE BALLAD OF A BAKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY F. J. WILLOUGHBY.

Joe Brown, he was a baker-man,
A baker-man was Joe;
He ne'er was known to want for aught,
And yet he kneaded dough.

And he was rugged, hearty, too,
And had a long life leased,
And all because he rose up with
His early-rising yeast.

To never cheat his customers
This man was early taught;
And yet his loaves were always light,
His pie-crust rather short!

And he was gen'rous hearted, too,
And kind unto the needy,
And meat and tasty in his dress,
Although his cakes were seedy.

With him none dared to bandy jokes,
Whene'er he sought the marts,
For well they knew his repartees
Were sharper than his tarts.

And while I say his skill was great
In getting up a muffin,
His pastry filled the mouths of all,
And needs no farther puffin'.

'Tis said he was a temp'rance man;
If so, I can't tell why
He mixed with wheat and cornmeal, too,
A trifle of the rye!

When age at last o'ertook the man,
His frame grew bent and sore,
And, like the cake he used to bake,
His head was frosted o'er.

And when he died all mourned his loss,
With no sectarian bias,
For he had been a friend to all,
A good man and a pie-ous.

HIS EPITAPH.

Beneath this crust of upheaved earth
A well-bred Baker lies;
And, like the rolls he used to mould,
We hope at last he'll rise.

A FRENCH CIRCUS,

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

The Cirque Napoleon, Paris, one of the finest circus buildings in the world, was visited by our Paris Correspondent, Ed. J., on the evening of the 10th of April, and we take pleasure in laying before our readers his description of the same:—

"On arriving at the Boulevard des Filles-Du-Calvaire, the first thing to attract my attention was that the ticket offices were outside the building, with a *gens d'armes* stationed at each one of the three. On paying my franc a woman requested permission to take charge of a small cane (as I afterward learned), but not understanding her I passed on. On being seated, the man having programmes for sale desired me to invest in one, and, holding out his hand for payment, I placed four sous in it, which was not enough, as he cried out *encore*, and I "encored" out two more, when he left, satisfied. The paper turned out to be the *L'Entri Acte*, containing a list of what was going on at all the theatres, etc., in Paris for that night. The building is a circular one, with three tiers of seats, eight rows of arm chairs, at 2 francs each (40 cents), 6 at 1 franc (20 cts.) and 6 at 50 centimes (10 cts.), making 20 rows in all. It is lighted by chandeliers in bunches of four large ones from the centre, containing 150 jets, like candles of 10 each, and 24 smaller ones with 36 lights, bunched in threes, suspended from gilt crowns in the ceiling, which is covered with green bees, painted in gold ground, the insignia of the Emperor. The sides of the structure are filled with panels, representing Roman paintings of gladiators wrestling, racing, boxing, etc., both sexes being equally as large as life. Taking a rough estimate, I should judge the seating capacity to be between 4,500 and 5,000 people. The ushers were all women, wearing black dresses, white caps and pink ribbons, and as every lady entered a small wooden stove was placed under her feet, for which a charge of 4 sous was made, collected after the first part of the show.

The Emperor's box was hung with curtains of green velvet with gold, and splendid gold fringe, surmounted by a golden crown. It is situated over the orchestra, above the *entree* of the performers and horses. At half-past seven the gas was turned on in full, making the place dazzlingly brilliant and creating much enthusiasm. The band of 36 instruments, all first class, then struck up Beet'oven's valse, which was a great treat, contrasting strangely with the usual music of such places. After playing about twenty minutes the performance began with a pad act by Young Beert, jumping over banners and through hoops—nothing wonderful. This was followed by Price, the clown, and little son, in posturing and somersaults, keeping up a running conversation, and winding up by the audience showering down upon the ring oranges, which he wheeled off after capsizing them several times—part of the entertainment. Mons. and M'lle Fanny Leaman, as Indians, on two horses, representing a warrior defending his love from a supposed enemy, and bearing her off in triumph, gained considerable applause. Next came Fouret, juggler, and his daughter, a very clever bit of business, the child standing on her father's head while he did the juggling, in conjunction with his daughter. Another pad act by Little Chiarini succeeded the juggling, the girl going over banners, through hoops, etc., and twisted herself as she jumped from the horse over the objects. M'lle Nathalie, gymnast, afterwards went through a variety of evolutions from a swinging trapeze, and also one, a fixed bar, which was very good. She wore a Hungarian jacket of zouave pattern, blue velvet trowsers below the knee, and white silk stockings and boots. M'lle Nathalie and her two sisters were formerly at the Alhambra, in London, where they met with great success. The first part finished with the "Ballet of Flowers," by four ladies and four gentlemen, on horseback, forming some very pretty *tableaux*. After an intermission of about ten minutes the second part began with a pad act by Madame Rebesky, who is neither young, pretty or graceful. Mons. Joigneree, a strong man, astonished the natives by handling cannon balls as though they were base balls, and, while suspended by his feet from a trapeze, holding four men with his teeth, each man having heavy weights in his hands, all with heads downwards. A jockey act by Mons. Lecuse, a short, thick set, elderly looking man, at first seemed rather tame, but as it progressed grew more and more exciting, as he leaped from the ground across the horse's back while in full ga lop, and finished by standing with his feet on the animal without a saddle. After a second attempt, running as before, and making the leap from the ground, I was enthusiastically applauded. The following act was supposed to be a comic one between the two clowns, Chadwick and Chiarini, the lingo of which I did not comprehend. Young Beil, son of the well known Richard Beil, in his vaulting and somersault act, was very clever, indeed. The performance concluded with Avolo, the celebrated gymnast, whose act consists of four fixed bars, about six feet apart and eight feet high, the artist leaping from bar to bar, and turning somersaults as he let go one and catches the other, finishing with a double somersault from the last bar to the ground. Avolo, a fine looking fellow, exceedingly muscular, followed, and was received with great applause. Each and every performer received a call, which seems the custom here, whether good or bad. The horses were as miserable and hungry a looking set of animals as I ever beheld in a circus—which remark will no doubt create no little surprise. The show was a good one, but not, in my opinion, equal to many traveling and stationary companies to be seen in the United States. It does not begin to compare with the Holborn Amphitheatre, in London, where may be seen the most magnificent horses, perhaps, in the world. The Cirque Napoleon is a winter fixture of Paris, being open from November till the end of April, and, like all the theatres, is a government concern, but that in no way interferes with it. ED. J.

BASTILE LIFE.—Dinner each prisoner had an allowance of two bottles of wine, either burgundy or champagne, with an extra allowance on certain days observed as festivals; in short, so liberal was the diet that some, of the Englishman under similar circumstances, proposed to take part of it in money, and to share it with the governor; a proposition which, if it had been acceded to, would not have been to the taste of the jailors, who were able to feast abundantly on the portions left in the dishes as they carried them down stairs, and whose slow steps were a subject of jesting to the men they assisted in guarding. Under the eyes of the guard prisoners were allowed, during the hours they spent in the courts, to make up little parties at cards, nine-pins, chess, billiards and other games; to join in music and singing; to keep animals of various kinds, birds, (not excepting pigeons) until it was discovered that they were used as go-betweens from those within to their friends without the walls. These indulgences, however, which were so freely accorded through a long period after it had ceased to be regarded in any other light than as a prison, were one by one withdrawn, until at last the keeping of any living creature became an illicit indulgence, and the only source of amusement that was never withdrawn was the supply of books from the library. The permission to commit their thoughts to writing was only obtained with difficulty, and the sheets of paper with which they were furnished were carefully numbered and initialed by the king's lieutenant. No opposition was ever made to the free performance of what they regarded as their religious duties. Nor were the prisoners, at one time, entirely cut off from the sight of the world outside the walls. It is on record that they were allowed to see from the tops of the towers the people passing below, and could, therefrom, exchange signs of friendly greeting; but as to communications between them, it was impossible; the gaolers were incorruptible; and so ignorant were the prisoners of what passed in the world that, when the overthrow of the Bastile took place, one of those liberated asked if Louis XV. was still alive.

A SAGACIOUS CANINE.—A friend of ours has a fine dog of the retriever breed. All who saw it advised that it should be sent to the Birmingham Show. The coachman, who had known the dog for years, was thereupon instructed to get the animal into condition. Thomas began his work with tender care, dressing the dog's coat, and looking after him with unusual attention. Nelson grew dull and moody under the treatment, and at last, when he was put into a new collar and saw himself dragging a spotless chain, he refused to notice his master or anyone else. The dog evidently felt that it was the object of some wretched design. By and by the time for his removal arrived. Thomas patted and coaxed him, but Nelson resisted all friendly appeals, though he permitted Thomas and a couple of other servants to lift him into an open light cart. The coachman chained his companion to the seat, and away they started for the show. When just on the borders of the family estate, Nelson suddenly leaped upon the coachman, pulled him down upon his back, and seized the reins in his mouth. The horse, a quiet, steady beast, continued the even tenor of his way, and Thomas, in a wholesome fright, dared not interfere with the dog, in which continued to exhibit ugly signs of desperation. Failing to stop the horse by means of the reins, Nelson, plunging to the full length of his chain, seized the horse's tail, and by this time Thomas, coming to the front, turned the horse and drove home, unmolested by Nelson, who however, regarded him with a watchful and threatening eye. "I knew he'd never go, sir," said Thomas, "he never meant to go," and he did not go.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT tree most requires consolation? The weeping willow.

WHY is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

WHAT are the chief ends of man? His head and feet.

WHY is the camel the most irascible animal in the world? Because he always has his back up.

WHO are the most willing prisoners? Those who are locked in slumber.

WHY should young ladies make good volunteers? Because they are accustomed to "bare arms."

WHICH is the best time to crack a joke? When it strikes one.

WHEN does a member of Congress display most physical strength? When he moves the house.

WHY can Americans, who color their hair, never become rebels? Because, rather than wear "the grey," they'll dye.

BREVITIES.

FUSS—the idle man's business.

IF you wish to be praised—die.

ENDLESS matcher—husbands and wives.

THE largest rope in the world—Eu-rope.

HE that is soon angry dealeth foolishly.

COMMON SAYINGS.

Water—a clear fluid once used as a drink.

Dentist—one who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

My dear—an expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Bargain—a ludicrous transaction in which either party thinks he has cheated the other.

Wealth—the most respectable quality of man.

Bonnet—the female head dress for the front seats in the opera.

Jury—twelve prisoners in a box, to try one more at the bar.

Informer—a wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Modesty—a beautiful flower that flourishes in secret.

Money—the god of the nineteenth century.

THE individual who took French leave has not yet returned it.

THE poorest farmer in the land, if unable to feed his calves, can always graze his shins.

POSTHUMOUS RENOWN.—It was not until after his death that the learned pig was ranked as Bacon.

SOMETHING for vaulters to remember—that one good turn deserves another.

EVIL men speak that which they wish rather than that which they know.

SORROW shows us truths as the night brings out the stars.

A LIFE of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

OFFENSIVE pride, which is so intolerable, produces defensive pride, which is only self-respect.

THE mind that busies itself much with the future has need to be an uncommonly cheerful one.

THE discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

ARGUMENT in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and it looks like worst sort of reading.

THAT writer does the most who gives his readers the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time.

A SURE mode of never succeeding with your own plans is to give much attention to those of other people.

HAPPINESS.—In seizing his moments of happiness, man has little time to be pearl diver; perhaps two minutes only to seize his prize.

THE past always wins a glory from its being afar off; it orbs itself into the perfect star that we saw not when we moved within it.

FOND as man is of sight seeing, life is the great show for every man—the show always wonderful and new to the thoughtful.

THE mystic seeks truth in riddles, or finding her upon the highway, he, by virtue of his office, imprisons her in a paradox.

A CRUSTY old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

A FRENCH philosopher said he was never but twice completely on the verge of ruin. The first time was when he lost a law suit, the second was when he gained one.

JONES says a person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up; for instance (says he), a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

GENIUS is not intoxication, and it is even more than rapture; it is capacity subject to the law of truth and beauty—the intense action of the soul, exalted, harmonious and illuminated.

AN indignant lady describes metaphysics as "Two men talking together, one of them trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other unable to understand him."

MERRY MOMENTS.

THE following laconic inscription is engraved upon the tombstone of a person who had lived near a churchyard: "Removed from over the way."

THE GODS AVAIL NOT.—When Themistocles went to Andros to demand a loan of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion." He was answered, "We have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

LEARNING SPREAD ON A THIMBLE.—A learned young lady, the other evening, astonished the company by asking for the loan of a thimble. An ingenious, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. She wanted a thimble.

THE WORTH OF HOPES.—A man who lately sued a lady for breach of promise was offered $200 to settle. "What!" she cried, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart! Two hundred dollars for all this! Never, never! Make it three and it's a bargain."

A DANGEROUS DOUBLE TRACK.—"Dar are," said a sable orator, "two roads through this world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de udder am narrow and broad road dat leads to sure destruction." "If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullud individual takes to de woods."

A COMPLIMENT.—On examining some new flowers in the garden of the Rev. Sidney Smith, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed:—"Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

THE WAY HE ALWAYS DID IT.—An inebriated individual fell down a flight of stairs in Bellows Falls, Vt., the other night, and a passer-by, fearing him seriously injured, ran to pick him up. But the man majestically staggered to his feet, and, in response to the proffered aid, roared out: "Now you jes lemme 'lone. Wan' no slobberin' aroun' me. I allus come down stairs that way!"

HOW TO MAKE A HORSE GROW.—"That's a tarnation tall horse," said Laidlaw. "Yes. I guess you can't account for it," replied Jonathan. "No how," said Laidlaw. "He belongs to Hummins, the livery man," replied Jonathan, "and his tallness comes through his having been regularly *higher'd* (hired) every day for the last seven years."

POSITIVE PROOF OF SETTLEMENT.—An old lady, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said:—"He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling him there I don't know what is."

USELESS GENEROSITY.—At the battle of Spires, a regiment had orders not to grant any quarter; and an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the officer replied:—"I pity your misfortune, and ask anything else but that, and upon my honor I will grant your request."

DIFFERENT MODES OF SALUTATION.—English and American: "How do you do?" French: "How do you carry yourself?" Italian: "How do you stand?" Spanish: "How do you find yourself?" Dutch: "How do you fare?" Swedish: "How can you?" Egyptian: "How do you perspire?" Chinese: "How is your stomach; have you eaten your rice?" Polish: "How do you have yourself?" Russian: "How do you live on?" Persian: "May thy shadow never be less!" And all mean nearly the same thing.

POPULAR ERRORS.—That editors keep public reading rooms. That they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper with. That they are always pleased to have assistance in selecting copy for the paper. That every man's own private act is a "matter of public interest." That it doesn't make much difference whether copy be written on both sides. That edit

stand in his defence, and stated that he had gone to the woman's house at the time for the purpose of getting his clothes and going away. He wanted to leave her in peace, but she wouldn't let him. Like General Grant, he wanted peace, and she, like many of his supporters, wanted places. He found that she had pawned his clothing, and had got drunk upon the money realized. This angered him, and he alluded to her misfortune—the one that induced her to go into the country—when she pounced upon him, and the only way he could leave peace was to conquer it. While telling the story, as above, the gentle John was the very picture of injured innocence, and the realization of the ideal henpecked husband.

"What was that little misfortune to which you allude, and which caused Miss O'Brien to remove temporarily from the city?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"A little bad news communicated to her by Mr. Cowles."

"Do you mean Judge Cowles?"

"I believe he was Judge at the time."

"Well, what was the news?"

"Why, you see she had a little misfortune, and *he sent her over the bay for eighteen months.*"

"Do you mean that she was sent to State Prison?"

"Yes, sir, I do, and when I told her that she had better be careful how she pawned my clothes, or she would be compelled to make another visit to San Quentin, she got angry, and that was the way the fuss commenced." The prisoner then turned to his Honor and said:—"Now, your Honor, I hope you are satisfied that I have done nothing but what was right, and that I may go."

"You will appear for sentence!" was the sententious remark of his Honor.

A JEWISH DIVORCE.

HOW DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL ARE FREED FROM THE BONDS OF WEDLOCK.

A ceremony, which has created no small degree of anxiety, has been on the *tapis* among our Hebrew brethren for several weeks past, and was on Thursday consummated by a decree according to the faith, absolving from the holy estate of matrimony two of its believers.

For some time past the wedded relations of man and wife existing between Mr. and Mrs. J. Burnstine have not been of the most pleasant order, and to relieve the unpleasantness for both, a mutual separation was agreed upon. To whose discredit, or for what alleged cause this separation was found to be necessary, we are not prepared to state. Mrs. Burnstine alleges that she has been illy treated by her husband, and from this numerous collisions between the husband of Mrs. B. and her father and brothers have taken place. Mr. B., however, comes in with a contra statement, and charges his wife with not having attempted to live with him in a pleasant manner, and not rendering unto him that degree of affection and love to be expected by a husband. Altogether affairs are pretty well mixed up, and have been food for gossip for some time past among the Israelites of this city. It had been reported that the service divorcing Mr. and Mrs. Burnstine would take place at the Jewish Synagogue on Eighth street, about noon on Thursday, and a considerable number of persons assembled there, and were rather chagrined to find out the ceremony would take place at the private residence of the parties, with but a few witnesses present.

The ceremony relating to divorcement is founded upon Holy Writ (Deut. xxv., 1-4); the parties are separated, and free—the husband to marry another at any time, and the wife to marry after ninety-one days have passed, but not a descendant of the tribe of Levy. At one o'clock the rabbis—Phillip, of this city, and Michler, of New York—with a few invited friends, assembled at the residence of the parties, and the services began. The articles of agreement, having been settled upon, were transcribed on parchment, the formalities of the separation being about as follows:—Rabbi Phillip having taken his position, with Rabbi Michler and Mr. Jacobson on either side, the parties were brought in and faced the rabbis. Certain passages of the Pentateuch were read, as also the divorcement article on the parchment. The wife was then called forward and her face uncovered, and her hands were placed together, the thumbs upward and extended. Rabbi Phillip asked several questions of the husband, which were answered, and placed the parchment in his hands, and he advanced toward her, placing it in her hands, and in turn the rabbi took it. Messrs. Jacobson and Mundhelm having attested their names as witnesses to file with the records of the church, the ceremony here closed, and shortly after Mrs. B. left the room.

By the existing civil laws, it is questionable whether the freedom with which Judaism allows its adherents to re-marry would not be considered an offence, and should the event thereof, lead to an interesting legal decision. In the articles of divorcement Mrs. B. is well provided for. All the legal papers will shortly be executed, giving her title to certain property in her own name.—*Washington Chronicle.*

SUICIDE FOR LOVE.—A Dane, named Christian Rasmussen, committed suicide in the town of Bath, Freeborn county, Minn., on the 6th ult. He took a rope and a razor, and climbed up a tree. Tying one end of the rope around his neck, he secured the other to one of the top branches. This done, he took the razor, cut his throat nearly from ear to ear, and jumped from the tree to the end of the rope. He had been crossed in love.

A NOCTURNAL ELOPEMENT.—The parents of a young girl in Florence, Mass., opposed her marriage to the man she had chosen, and one night, week before last, she tied her bedclothes together and let herself down into the arms of her lover, and the twain were married in Hartford the following day.

THE RING.

GAME FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

FRANKLIN DEFEATS TAYLOR.

A glance at the daily journals during the past week will show that a fiend in human form was sentenced to four months' imprisonment only for *biting off a part of a man's lip;* another was sentenced to six months' detention for *biting a piece out of a woman's arm;* a third was convicted of beating a woman within an inch of her life, and a German sugar refiner was charged with knocking a fellow down, and kicking and stamping on him until he broke his jaw; besides a host of charges against wife-beaters. All these cases are given without the slightest comment, as though they were matters of daily occurrence, and we must confess they are rapidly becoming so; whilst the same journals would hold up their hands with well assumed horror at the account of a well-conducted prize fight, in which both combatants are compelled, under a heavy penalty, to observe the rules of boxing, and fight fairly. Now, this is a humane way of settling their disputes, and it is as much use to try and drain the Atlantic with a teaspoon, square the circle, reach down the stars, discover perpetual motion, or any other impossibility, as to attempt to stop them from fighting. Is it not better, then, that they should do so on the greensward than stand the chance of fracturing their skulls on the hard paving of our great cities by an accident? While in the streets of Bermondsey, Birmingham boxers, named Bill Franklin (*alias* Cudge) and Harry (brother to Bowey) Taylor, had a private growl, and were about to settle it there and then, but were by their friends suggested that they had better adjourn to the metropolis, as the hardware district had been patronized rather freely during the last few months. They adopted this advice, and the matter was placed in the hands of a well known caterer, who found no difficulty in raising a £10 purse for them to contend for. May 11th was the day originally fixed for the tourney, and a snug party betook themselves to one of our large railway stations; intelligence was, however, received that it would not be prudent to attempt to bring it off at the place originally fixed upon, all returned home, and an earlier start was made on the following morning. After a long ride, a spot was chosen that has not been patronized for a length of time. A delay of some hours was caused, however, by the non-arrival of the Corinthians, and in the meantime one of the constabulary put in an appearance, and, placing himself on a canal bridge, prevented the ropes and stakes from being taken over, and expressed his intention of stopping the fight in his district. By a clever artifice the blockade was run, and the ring was pitched on a nice piece of level turf in an adjoining county. Before proceeding to give the details of the fight, we may as well give a few particulars of the men's performances, etc. Franklin (Cudge) completed his 22d year on the 24th of last December, stands 5ft. 5½in., and scaled on the 12th about 10st. 4lbs., although we understand his fighting weight is about 11stbs. In his first essay, about four years since, he fought a draw with Glynn (Russian), beat Welsh of Birmingham, and beat Dwyer (Bos). Harry Taylor is 12 years older than his opponent, having been born on September 26, 1834, stands half an inch taller, and weighed 12stbs. His first fight was with Jack Fox, and was a gallant contest, as neither could finish, it ended in a draw. He was matched to fight Peter Morris, at 11stb., for £25 a side, on September 8, last year, but Morris was arrested before he could enter the ring, and the stakes were drawn. All the preliminaries having been arranged, Taylor shied in his castor at seven minutes past three, and was shortly followed by his opponent. They had scarcely stepped within the ropes when the unwelcome cry of "Police!" was raised, and three of the constabulary made their appearance, round the ring, however, was so great that they could not get near it, and the residents amused themselves with throwing lumps of turf at them. The Brums and Cockneys, however, begged them to desist, and the referee having been quickly chosen, the men, at 13 min. after three, stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As they faced each other there was a marked disparity in their appearance, Cudge being a sturdy, thick set lad, with good loins, immense thighs, well developed biceps, and a regular fighting mug; whilst his opponent looked considerably older, and is more of the greyhound build. Taylor's attitude was undoubtedly the best, but both held their arms rather low. Several minutes were occupied in sparring for an opening, Cudge trying sundry feints, but his opponent was too wary, and kept out of distance cleverly; at length Taylor wove in, and landed a little one on the breast, Cudge returning on the shoulder. This led to some rapid counters, Taylor getting on the neck and chest, and his opponent on the jaw and forehead. They broke ground, and each countered heavily on the ribs. Harry got away laughing, which seemed to rile Master Cudge, as he let drive viciously with the left; but Taylor being still on the retreat, it fell short. Cudge, having got within range, investeed twice on the mark, and, ducking, avoided the return. Harry crept within distance, and planted on Cudge's bread basket. Some rapid exchanges followed, and they broke ground. On getting together Franklin caught his opponent a heavy spank on the right eye, opening an old cut, from which there came a small quantity of claret. (*First blood* claimed and allowed for Cudge.) This completely staggered Harry, and for a few minutes threw him off his guard, Cudge planting three heavy body blows in succession, Taylor retaliating but feebly. They got to close quarters, a rally ensued, and both fell heavily, Taylor undermost. This round lasted ten minutes.

2. Both came up quickly to the call of time; the rest, however, had been too short for Taylor, who was still blowing from his exertions, whilst his opponent, who was manifestly in the best condition, had scarcely a mark, and was as cool as a cucumber. After a short spar, Taylor visited his opponent's ribs and got away, Cudge being short in an attempted counter. Harry soon got within range, and some heavy counter hitting ensued, Cudge on the mouth, Taylor retaliating on the ribs with both hands. This was not to Harry's liking, as he stepped back, and Cudge missed a vicious left hander. Taylor tried his left, but was nearly stopped, and in return Franklin dropped his left thrice on the jaw without a return. Following up his advantage, Cudge planted a stinger on the proboscis, drawing fresh supplies of carmine. More counter hitting, Cudge on the right lamp and Taylor on the body, brought them to a close. They struggled for the fall and rolled over, Taylor under. Time, 14 min.

3. They were no sooner up than at it, Taylor lodging a heavy one on the beak, and Cudge returning on the mark, rapid counters caused them to break ground. The latter now forced the fighting, and invested twice on the jaw, following this up by a heavy one on the ribs; Taylor returned on the mark and ribs, driving his opponent back; Cudge, however, would not be idle, as he dropped his left on the sniffer and right lamp, causing the claret to flow freely. Again he visited the f[illegible]ut, and followed it up by a terrific blow on the ribs, from the force of which he nearly fell. This led to some rattling exchanges and a rally, during which Taylor got down. Time, 24 min.

4. Taylor, to the surprise of most of the spectators, was quickest up, and as soon as his opponent was near enough let him have a little one with the left on the ribs; finding that he took it kindly, Master Harry let him have a regular hot 'un with the right, on the opposite side; this brought on some good counters, Cudge receiving on the body and Taylor on the head. Cudge tried his left, but it was neatly put on one side. Harry landed a couple of rib roasters and jumped away, laughing. A well directed attempt on the part of Cudge was neatly stopped, and they got to close quarters, some pretty counter hitting being the result. After a short pause Taylor planted on the ribs and got away. Trying it on again, Cudge met him and damaged his conk. Three well intended blows on the part of Cudge were stopped in succession, but on the fourth trial Cudge dropped a little one on the left ogle. Franklin caught Taylor, who was on the retreat, a smart spank on the jaw, and the latter slipped down. Time, 31min.

5. Taylor was again the first to toe the scratch, and, having been well attended to, looked quite fresh, with the exception of his damaged right eye, which was fast closing. Feinting with his left, he planted a blow with the right that sounded all over the ring, and got cleverly out of distance. Some tedious sparring ensued, during which it could be seen that Cudge's left was swelling; at length they countered lightly, and Cudge, stepping in, planted a stinger on the proboscis; this was followed by more counter hitting, and Cudge again visited the conk heavily, smothering his opponent with blood, and sending him to grass. Time, 39min.

6. Taylor was very dilatory in answering the call of "Time," and he had no sooner put up his hands than Cudge landed on the nose and mouth, and followed it up with repeated visits to the same locality, his opponent's want of condition causing the ruby to flow in streams. After retiring for a wipe, he rushed at Cudge, and they fought like Britons all over the ring, the shouts being deafening. At length Taylor was fought down. Time, 42 min.

7. Taylor was now getting very weak, and Cudge rushing at him, he was not able to avoid a terrific blow on the damaged optic; again Franklin lodged a heavy one on the same spot, set about his man, and eventually fought him down. This was the shortest round in the fight, as it lasted less than half a minute.

8. Cudge was now as strong as at the commencement, and was only too eager to re-commence hostilities, whilst Taylor was so weak that he could hardly rise from his second's knee. He was repeatedly urged to give in, but the gallant fellow would not listen to it. It was evident that Cudge could do as he liked with his opponent, for he invested several times without a return. They then countered, got to a close, and Cudge back-heeled his man. Time, 47 min.

9. Cudge tapped his opponent on the jaw, and the latter missed a cross-counter with his right, which, if it had landed, might have turned the tide in his favor. It did not knocked Cudge out of time. Franklin again handed on the jaw, and a rally ensued, Taylor eventually getting down. Time, 49 min.

10th and Last.—Taylor came up very slowly, and some tedious sparring took place; at length Cudge gave him several heavy spanks on the left eye, nose and mouth; Taylor avoided a well-intended blow by ducking his head, and gave his opponent a heavy smashing smack on the ribs with his right. This brought on a rally. Taylor, in the act of getting away, fell, and Cudge catching him a little one as he was falling, both parties claimed a foul; the referee, however, ordered them to fight on, but Taylor's second, finding that it was useless to subject a brave man to unnecessary punishment, threw up the sponge after they had been fighting exactly 56min.

An attempt was made to capture the combatants after the ring had been cleared away, but they were escorted to a place of safety by a large number of the right sort, and they remained there until the evening had fallen, but on making their appearance at the railway station Franklin was captured. Taylor escaped, but, on going to another station to catch the last train for London, he also fell into the hands of the myrmidons of the law. They were brought up on the 13th ult., before a bench of magistrates, and bound over to keep the peace for three months, themselves in £20, and two sureties of the like amount.—*Bell's Life.*

THE DEATH OF BILL RYALL.

The communications which we append confirm the sad intelligence of the death of the gentlemanly and much esteemed boxer, Bill Ryall, the report of which, owing to the source from whence received, we had been led to doubt. His untimely cutting off, far away from those whom he had loved most on earth, will be sincerely regretted by very many upon this side the Atlantic, as well as in his native land, for poor Bill was a genial companion and a well-conducted man, and all will with whom he became acquainted a very favorable impression. Would that there were more like him. The communications also embody interesting gossip concerning sporting matters in the Mound City:—

ST. LOUIS, May 21, 1869.

FRIEND QUEEN.—In looking over the columns of your paper, which reached us to-day, I find some contradictory statements regarding the death of Bill Ryall, or, as he was called here, "Gentlemen Bill." Allow me to give you the facts. He died in the Sisters' Hospital, of pneumonia, on Saturday, the 15th ov March, at 15 minutes to 12 o'clock, A. M., and was buried at Bellefontaine Cemetery on the following Monday. His funeral was largely attended; the pall bearers were:—Mike McCoole, Tom Kelsoe, Tom Allen, Young Tom Riley (the copy), Josh Shaw and Pat Hanly.

Sporting matters are assuming quite a lively aspect since the return of Charley Gallagher. He has opened a billiard room and saloon on Broadway, and, judging from the business doing since his opening, he is the most popular of the three sporting men now located here. As usual, Charley has not much to say regarding the coming fight, but I am pretty confident it is his intention to challenge the winner of the McCoole and Allen fight in the ring, so that our chances out west are very bright for lots of sport this summer. I saw Tom Kelly at Gallagher's on his opening night. He seems anxious to get on with some 15stb mat, and expresses his intention of getting on a match with the winner of Tom Allen and Buzzy fight [Now 'off."—ED. CLIP.] I saw McCoole yesterday. He is working hard, and seems quite confident of making quick work o' Tom, who is equally confident. The betting is rather at 100 to 75 on McCoole, with few takers, the Allen party claiming the odds of 2 to 1 against their man. I see it stated that Allen and Gallagher had met, and that Tom expressed his willingness to fight Gallagher for any amount. Such is not the case, however, as they have *not* met since Gallagher returned. This I know to be a fact, as Gallagher returned from Memphis very sick, and had not left the house until after Allen had started for Cincinnati. He published a card declaring himself ready to fight Allen, providing the latter whipped McCoole, for from $1,000 to $5,000. Allen's partner answered next day, saying he would match Allen, win or lose, with McCoole, and so the matter ended. More anon. E. K. D.

ST. LOUIS, May 31, 1869.

FRIEND CLIPPER.—I have just finished the perusal of your issue of the 22d inst., in which I find that the death of poor Bill Ryal is doubted. Let none of your legion of readers doubt the sad fact. He died in Ulis c. au, the sisters of Mercy's Hospital, of typhoid fever, and his wife in England was telegraphed to on the day of his death. He was removed by his friends on Saturday (after his death) to his own saloon on Washington avenue, where his body remained till the following Monday at 2 P. M., at which time the funeral took place, and your correspondent was present.

This is a remarkable city—remarkable in every sense of the word. Whatever little compulsory respect the people of New York have for Sunday, the people here have none at all. Every whisky dispensary, every saloon, every beer garden, and almost every place of amusement is wide open. Indeed, Sunday is their principal day, as the doings of the streets through the week (I mean the single migratory mat portion of them) is spent on Saturday night and Sunday. St. Louis has a population of 250,000, made up of representatives from every part of the habitable globe, but the Dutch and Irish element largely preponderate. It has also a splendid theatre or shop to almost every inhabitant. The Varieties Theatre presents a more attractive bill on Sunday evening than through the week, while the Olympic is crowded to hear the half sermon, half lecture, or rather a combination of theatrical and religious amusement, by the Rev. ——. Then we have innumerable dance houses, free-and-easys, &c. Tom Allen opened a free and-easy about six weeks ago, which has been doing remarkably well. McCoole has lately opened a new and more pretentious place than his old one on Fifth street, opposite the court house. He is hard at work for his contest with Allen. I saw him yesterday; he appears to think it but child's play to get away with Allen. In my opinion he has a great deal of superfluous flesh to get rid of yet before he can be considered in condition. Charley Gallagher's looking and feeling much better than he has of late. By the by, your notice of his opening a new saloon is incorrect, except that the name is the same. It is now the property of "Gaffney's Hotel," Tenth and Walnut streets. There was a grand free lunch, a band of music, and about fifty kegs of beer punished on the occasion. (The musicians escaped being deveoured.) The lovers of the manly art were well represented. Among the notabilities I saw and conversed with "Dublin Tricks," who thinks McCoole has a hard road to travel" in his coming fight. Gallagher does not intend to referee the fight and whip the winning man in the coming encounter. You must have sent a short supply of CLIPPERS last week, as they were all sold this morning. There is great demand for them in this town.

Yours respectfully, OBSERVER.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A couple of young fellows residing at the Hub, named Arthur Dinsmore and Johnny O'Connell, had an altercation on the evening of the 22d ult., which they agreed to settle by the arbitration of arms, simply for mutual satisfaction, on the succeeding Monday evening, 24th ult. The spot chosen for the passage at arms was a place called Pine Grove, in Cambridgeport, and thither the rivals, accompanied by a number of friends, repaired about dusk. No ropes were used, the boys gathering around in a circle, and without unnecessary delay the combatants doffed their superfluous toggery and prepared for offensive and defensive operations. At about 9½ o'clock, when the fight had just begun to be brisk, footsteps were heard in the distance, and soon the pickets outside of the ring shouted "police!" "police!" Officers Adger and Copeland, of the Second Station, pushed forward with the speed of "Lightioots," but the boxers and their friends skedaddled in every direction. The white shirt of Dinsmore was seen in the distance, its wearer running upon the marsh at the side of Charles river. Officer Adger was upon his track, and, using his revolver, fired one charge low, to bring him to bay if possible; but all to no purpose, and after running for a quarter of a mile Dinsmore got tired of a foot race and made a desperate dive into Charles river. He disappeared for some minutes beneath the cooling water, and then again was seen swimming up stream, when the officers procured a dory near the Brookline bridge and pulled for the "diver" with a will to save, as did the Newport, R. I., heroine in Narragansett river. They soon saw Dinsmore clinging to the abutment beneath the bridge, greatly exhausted, and rescued him from his perilous situation. He was taken to the City Hall Station, cold and wet inside as well as out, and was, in fact, a used up man. The officers made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He was brought up for examination on the following morning, charged with prize fighting, and was held in $500 for examination. O'Connell was arrested on the afternoon of the 25th ult., and locked up for examination.

On the morning of the 27th ult. O'Connell was arraigned in the Cambridge Police Court, and pleading guilty, was held in $500 for trial before the Superior Criminal Court in June.

MILLING IN MICHIGAN.

Johnny Morgan and Dolph Lavin met near Niles, Mich., on the 24th inst., to fight for a stake of twenty dollars. The former is 5 feet 4 inches in height, and weighs 146 pounds, while Lavin is an inch and a half taller, and lowers the scales at 158 pounds. J. W. Conrad, better known as "Jack the Sailor," was behind Morgan, while Dan Onions waited upon Dolph. In the first round, after a deal of fiddling, Lavin took the initiative with the left, but fell short, and caught a heavy return on the nose, drawing the cork, and giving Morgan first blood. A few rapid exchanges followed, and brought on a close, when Dolph slipped and fell. Upon coming up for the second round, they got quickly to work, hammer and tongs fashion, but were rather mild in delivery. Finally, Johnny planted a stinger on Lavin's cheek bone, sending him to grass instanter, Morgan thus gaining the first knock-down. From this up to the eighth round Morgan had the best of the milling, closing with and throwing his man every time. The advent of the police now caused a stampede, but they shortly afterwards came together in an adjoining wood, where three more rounds were fought, Dolph being down in each and receiving a severe cut in the forehead. The bobbies now made a second descent, and succeeded in nipping both men, but they afterward escaped. Lavin's second claimed the fight, from the fact that Morgan skedaddled when the officer showed up, but Conrad (being stakeholder as well as Morgan's second) held on to the scrip. The fight occupied about forty-five minutes. Our informant states that they are to increase the stakes to $50 and try it again.

TEDDY MCAULIFFE, the "butcher boy," is advertised to give an exhibition at Turner's Hall, 119 Haverhill street, Boston, on the evening of the 7th inst. Tim Collins is announced to wind up with Teddy.

BASE BALL.

VISIT OF THE MUTUAL CLUB TO BOSTON.

THEIR GAMES WITH THE TRI-MOUNTAINS, HARVARDS AND LOWELLS.

As announced in last week's CLIPPER, the Mutual Club, of this city, left town on Sunday evening, 23d ult., on a three days' visit to the city of Boston. On their arrival they were received by a committee of the base ball fraternity of the "Hub" and escorted to the Revere House, where they made their headquarters. On the afternoon of the 24th they played the Tri-Mountain Club of Boston, at Riverside Park, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The day was fine, with a cool air and clear sky, and the only drawback was the wet and rough condition of the surface of the park. Notwithstanding this, the fielding was unusually good on both sides, while the batting displayed was really excellent. The best fielding on the part of the Tri-Mountain Club was shown by Messrs. Record, Burrows and French; on the Mutual side, by Messrs. Flanly, C. Mills, Hatfield, Eggler and R. Hunt. The Mutuals took the lead and steadily increased it at each succeeding innings, making on the fourth 17 runs, on the eighth 15, and on the ninth 11. The Tri-Mountains only reached 5 runs on any one innings. The score is as follows:—

MUTUAL.	1st B.	H.L.	R.
E. Mills, 1st b	7	2	9
Eggler, c f	6	3	9
Hatfield, l f	7	3	8
R. Hunt, r f	8	2	9
Wolters, p	7	4	6
Swandell, 3d b	6	3	6
Dwyer, s s	4	6	5
C. Mills, c	9	2	9
Flanley, 2d b	6	3	8
Totals	60	27	69

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutuals	3	5	6	17	1	7	4	15	11—69
Tri-Mountains	2	0	3	0	2	0	5	4	1—17

TRI-MOUNTAIN.	1st B.	H.L.	R.
Putnam, c	2	3	2
O'Brien, p	1	2	3
Record, 1st b	1	2	2
Burrows, 2d b	1	3	1
Lyons, 3d b	1	5	1
Kelly, c f	1	2	3
Simmons, s s	1	4	0
French, l f	2	3	2
Totals	16	27	17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Tri-Mountains	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Mutuals	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Total bases on hits—Mutual, 92; Tri-Mountain, 23. Home runs—C. Mills, 1; E. Mills, 1; Lyons, 1. Fly catches—Mutual, 1; Tri-Mountain, 13. Out on fouls—Mutual, 5; Tri-Mountain, 8. Left on bases—Mutual, 5; Tri-Mountain, 9. Time of game—Three hours and thirty-five minutes. Umpire—John A. Lowell, of the Lowell Club.

On the 25th the Harvard College Club, of Cambridge, Mass., were the opponents of the New Yorkers. The game was played at Jarvis Field in the presence of 5,000 spectators, among whom were many ladies. Splendid fielding was shown on both sides, but the batting of the Mutuals was the heaviest ever shown in Boston. The defeat was the most severe the Harvards have ever sustained. The delivery of their pitcher, Soule, was very wild, and did much to lose them the game. The catching of Mills, of the Mutuals, was perfection—ahead of anything he has ever done before. Eggler, Flanly, E. Mills, and C. Hunt excelled in fielding, Hunt making the finest fly catch of the game. The Harvards equaled the Mutuals in fielding, their out-field being perfect, and Peabody, Smith and Austin excelling in the in-field. The ground was in good condition, and perfect order was preserved. The game caused great excitement, and the victors were greeted with loud and hearty applause. The score is as follows:—

MUTUAL.	1st B.	H.L.	R.
E. Mills, 1st b	7	4	5
Eggler, s s	2	4	2
Hatfield, l f	4	3	4
R. Hunt, r f	3	4	3
Wolters, p	6	3	5
Swandell, 3d b	4	4	4
McMahon, r f	2	6	2
C. Mills, c	2	3	3
Flanley, 2d b	7	0	8
Totals	40	27	43

HARVARD.	1st B.	H.L.	R.
Smith, 3d b	2	3	1
Peabody, 1st b	0	3	1
Rush, c	0	4	1
Wilson, s s	0	2	0
Shaw, l f	3	2	3
Wells, c f	1	3	1
Soule, p	1	2	3
Austin, 2d b	2	3	1
Eustis, r f	3	3	0
Totals	12	27	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	3	7	4	6	4	0	2	5	12—43
Harvard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—11

Left on bases—Mutual, 4; Harvard, 4. Fly catches—Mutual, 8; Harvard, 14. Out on fouls—Mutual, 4; Harvard, 4. Total bases on hits—Mutual, 57; Harvard, 13. Passed balls—Mills, 1; Rush, 14. Home run—Hy Wolters. Run out—Eustis. Time of game—Three hours and twenty minutes. Umpire—John Kelly, of the Empire Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Gannett and Davidson.

The third and last game of the series was played on the 26th ult. The Lowell Club was opposed to the Mutuals on this occasion, Jarvis Field being the scene of the meeting. The game was better contested than either of the others, but resulted in another victory for the New Yorkers. Those who saw it pronounced it the best one of the series of three, and also the best game ever played in Boston. A large crowd, which exhibited the most unbounded enthusiasm, witnessed the contest, and the interest did not flag until the close of the game, which occurred at the end of the eighth innings. The ninth innings was not played, for the reason that the Mutuals had to quit the ground in order to reach the city in time to take their departure for New York. The fielding of the Lowell Club was truly magnificent, and, in contrast, the batting of the Mutuals was all that could be desired. The score, which stood 26 to 21 at the close, was even on the fourth innings, and ran very closely thereafter. The superior fielding on the part of the Mutuals was shown by Messrs. C. Hunt, Flanly and the two Millses. Messrs. Rogers, Lowell, Denman and Boyd excelled on the part of the Lowell nine. At the close of the fifth innings the Mutuals changed their pitcher, Swandell succeeding Wolters, on account of the Lowells taking the balls which he delivered so naturally. The following is the score:—

MUTUAL.	1st B.	H.L.	R.
E. Mills, 1st b	4	3	3
Eggler, l f	3	2	3
Devyr, s s	5	3	3
C. Hunt, c f	5	1	5
Wolters, p	2	4	2
Swandell, 3d b	3	2	4
McMahon, r f	2	5	1
C. Mills, c	4	2	4
Flanly, 2d b	3	2	2
Totals	19	24	26

LOWELL.	1st B.	H.L.	R.
Lovell, c	0	3	2
Joslyn, c f	0	3	2
Alline, l f	2	2	2
Rogers, c f	3	3	3
Goss, s s	1	3	1
Boyd, 3d b	4	2	3
Bradbury, c	2	3	2
Dennison, 1st b	3	2	3
Wilder, 2d b	3	2	2
Totals	19	24	21

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutuals	1	2	3	1	2	2	8	5	4—26
Lowells	0	0	2	0	5	3	2	6	3—21

Fly catches—Mutual, 13; Lowell, 12. Out on fouls—Mutual, 3; Lowell, 1. Total bases on hits—Mutual, 84; Lowell, 57. Left on bases—Mutual, 3; Lowell, 6. Home runs—Lovell, 1; Rogers, 1; Boyd, 1; Dennison, 1; Eggler, 1. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes. Umpire—John Kelly, of the Empire Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Nickels and Davidson.

The Mutuals arrived home early on the morning of the 27th. They speak in the highest terms of the treatment they received at the hands of the fraternity in general.

ATLANTIC vs. IRVINGTON.

The first game of the season between the Atlantics of Brooklyn, and the once noted Irvington Club, occurred at the Capitoline Ground on May 24th. The day was one of the pleasantest we have experienced on the ball field this season, but the doors were limited to a few hundred. This was owing to the fact that the rumor generally prevailed that the game was off till the 31st. Both clubs had out good nines, and a close contest was looked for. In this the spectators were disappointed, as the Atlantics assumed a commanding lead in the early stages of the game, and were hailed victors, after a little over two hours' play, by the totals of 28 to 11. The Atlantics batted heavily and timely, and fairly astonished their old antagonists by their superior play. Start, in particular, used the willow to great advantage, scoring a total of 17 bases on hits, which gave him 7 runs and no outs. The feature of the game, however, was four double plays, in which Ferguson, Pike, and Start distinguished themselves. The Irvingtons, considering the little practice they have had, did remarkably well. The score includes first base and total bases on hits:—

ATLANTIC.	1st B.	T.	H.L.	R.
Pearce, c	1	1	6	1
Smith, 3d b	2	2	4	3
Start, l f	6	17	7	7
Chapman, 1 f	4	5	1	6
Ferguson, s s	2	4	5	4
Crane, c f	1	4	2	1
Pratt, p	0	4	2	1
McDonald, r f	1	1	3	2
Pike, 2d b	2	2	2	3
Totals	22	38	27	28

IRVINGTON.	1st B.	T.	H.L.	R.
Buckley, c	1	3	4	0
H. Campbell, p	3	3	3	1
M. Campbell, 1 b	1	3	3	2
Burroughs, 2d b	2	4	3	2
Greathead, s s	3	7	2	1
Furrow, 3d b	0	0	3	1
Smith, c f	3	3	1	1
Bailey, c f	3	3	2	3
Richards, r f	0	0	4	0
Totals	16	24	27	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	4	4	2	3	2	0	4	6	3—28
Irvingtons	0	0	2	0	1	4	2	2	0—11

Umpire—Mr. Rogers, of the Lowell Club, of Boston. Scorers—Messrs. Delany and Chapman. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

ECKFORD vs. OLMPYIC.

In the second game of this match the Olympics were badly beaten. It took place at the Union Ground on May 24th in the presence of a limited number of persons. The Olympics were short handed, as usual; in fact, George Grum, of the Keckfords, had to play with them, so badly were they off. Of course, under these circumstances not much was expected of them, and no one was disappointed. The score follows:—

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	B.
Stevens, 3d b	4	0	2
Allen, c	2	0	3
Neville, s s	2	0	3
Swift, r f	4	0	0
Grum, p	3	0	0
Saunders, l f	3	0	0
Wardell, 1st b	3	0	0
McGrath, c f	2	1	0
Donnellon, 2d b	2	1	1
Totals	27	3	6

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	B.
Allison, 1st b	3	5	2
Patterson, 2d b	3	5	4
Martin, p	2	3	3
Nelson, 3d b	1	2	4
Hoden, c	2	4	2
Eggler, c f	4	2	2
Tracy, l f	2	4	4
Pinkham, r f	3	4	4
Shreve, s s	4	3	2
Totals	27	30	34

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0—3
Eckford	4	6	3	6	6	2	2	1	0—30

Umpire—Mr. Tilton, of the Athletic Club, of Brooklyn. Scorers—Messrs. Hix and Watson. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

GAMES BETWEEN COLLEGE NINES.

We are pleased to perceive the attention which is now being bestowed upon the national game by the students of various seats of learning throughout the States, in many of which one or more clubs have been established, and are now in a prosperous condition, as is attested by the frequency with which we are called upon to chronicle collegiate matches. While storing the mind of our youth with useful knowledge, the culture of the *physique* should not be neglected, and there is certainly no species of recreation more conducive to health and a proper development of the human frame than that of base ball, which calls into active exercise all the muscles of the body. It is, therefore, a source of gratification to note the interest taken therein by our students, and we earnestly hope that this interest may continue to spread until every institution of learning in the country is represented on the ball field. Appended is the score of a game played at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., on the 15th ult. It will be seen that the Eureka nine gave the Snails the advantage of three outs to their two, although the Snails are composed of the muscle of the college. The Eurekas played at great disadvantage, their pitcher being disabled by a sprained ankle, and their first baseman being sick. Their regular catcher pitched, with their short stop behind the bat; still they

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

[This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Closed.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Dress Circle and Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard street.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 35c; Gallery, 20c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN—7th avenue, between 58th and 59th streets.—Admission, 35c. Commences at 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Closed.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—Evening—Orchestra Chairs and Parquet Balcony, $1.50; Dress or Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c; General Admission, 75c. Matinee—Orchestra Chairs and Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, 25c; General Admission, 50c; Children under 12 years of age, 30c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

GILMORE'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street. Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet Circle and Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50; Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 12½ and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets. Orchestra, $1; Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

STADT THEATRE—43 and 47 Bowery, below Canal street.—Admission: Balcony Boxes, $1.50; Reserved Seats, Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Balcony, 50c; Parquet and Second Tier, 33c.; Gallery, 15c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

STEINWAY HALL—Fourteenth street, near 4th avenue.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Parquet and Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved seats, 75c.; Orchestra, 50c.; Parquet, 25c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues. General admission, 50c.; Reserved seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

THEATRE FRANCAIS—14th street near 6th avenue.—Orchestra Seats, reserved, $1.50; Private Boxes (four seats), $6 and $8; Proscenium Boxes, $15; Admission, $1; Family Circle, 50c.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet, 75c; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WAVERLY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra, $1; Dress Circle, 75c; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, $1; Balcony, 50c.; Family Circle, 35c. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street. General admission, 50c. Matinee—Orchestra and Balcony, 50c. extra; Children, 25c. Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c.; Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Family Circle, 35c. Open from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed or each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

W. H. Jefferson (3), Frank Phelps, Dr. Hammee, Eugene B Leach (2), Adolph Gonzales, James McGuire, Thos. Winnett, Chas. Little, Chas. C. Curtis, Jno. M. Bolman, H. E. Parmeley, Chas. Comerford, Tommy Sheridan (2), Charley Pettingell, W. W. Fowler, Law Simmons, M. L. Townsend, L. E. Hicks, Hash Humbo, Carl Rosey, E. J. Rees, Wm. Madden, Harry Alden, Johnny Beeman, Charley C. Curtin, J. W. Fox, R. H. Conway, Charley Shay (2), Wm. B. Cavanagh, Wm. Arlington, C. Sanford, Prof. R. Nickle, Ike Wilbers, L. B. Lent, Prof. De Caux, Morris Minstrels, Derfla, H. F. Cadenhead, Watson & Wells (2), Ned Banker, Frank Rivers, Fox & Ward (2), Ed. Macaway, Harry A. Kendall, Jno. H. Myers, Amy De Brent (2), Ada Monk, Millie Tremour, Cora Wayland, Olive Logan, Mrs. Geo. Pardy, Making Exers (2), Flora Weston, Lizzie Sherman, Nellie Edwards (2), Leona Cavender, Kitty Fyffe 2, A. Lameroux,

George Edwards, Jas. H. Fiseman, J. H. Irving, J. A. Herne, Geo Gaston, Thompson & Riggs, L. E. Hicks, Jno E. Johnson, A. J. Whitcomb, J. H. Haverley, Jno. Gunn, Ed. Edwards, Justin Robinson, J. J. Myer, Gonsalve Bishop, J. T. Noyes, Dan Williams, Harry Stanwood, Geo. W. Howard, A. J. Walters, Robt. Eckhardt, E. R. Dalton (2), Jno. T. Robinson, S. F. Suckney, Joe Barry, Thos Haywood, Ag't McK. Buchanan, Agent Grau's Troupe, Agent Laura Keene, James Watters, Kelvin Holt & Locke, Edward Fox, C. Amory Bruce (2), D. H. Hodges, De Haven's Circus, E. Backenstall, Harry Whitby, Frank Rockwood, O. B. Collins, Professional, Jas. M. Ward, T. A. Edwards, J. E. Hartel, A. McGill, Henry Willard, B. Macaully, Fanny B. Price,' Alice Kinnebury, May Arlington (2), Ada Webb 2, Fanny Vandevelt, Lotty Forrest, Carrie A. Moore, Leo Hudson, Blanche Bradshaw, Cecelia Gilbert, Amie Sheffield, Kate Price, Jenny Turner,

Harry Addler, Prof. Edwards, C. W. & G. T. Reynolds, C. H. Matthews, Amy Lee, Chas. J. Fyffe, J. Jefferson, Harry Clark, Joseph Fox, Mike Stanton, D. C. Bryant, E. Warden (2), J. C. Nelson, J. W. Mack, Will H. Seymour, W. J. Marshall 2, D. G. Waldron, Chas. Weichtman, E. Mack, Niel Turner, Johnny Lawton, Jno. Connelly, Jon Gaylord, Dan Shelby, A. O. Miller, D. C. La Rue, Chas. S. Coon, Prof. Martino, Wm. N. Littlefield, Edwin Booth, Business Manager, Harry Wagner (22), J. D. Williams, S. D. Person, Jacob Haight, Leon De Berger, George Hunting, Harry Warren, Harry Keller, Skill A Gaylord, Mr. Gausman, Fakir of Burmah (2), Chas. Davis, Catharine Lucette, Clara Williams, Jennie Benuerman, Kitty Scott, Abby Nourse, Alice A. Harrison, Mrs. Geo. Gray, Virginia Buchanan, Kate Foster, Mollie Williams, Elsie Cordon, Annie Yates, Marianne Italn'orth 2 Nellie Germon.

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from me to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

MY NELLIE'S EYES.

I.

When, in the summer night, I watch
In heaven's blue the evening star,
I think how brighter far than it
The eyes of my dear Nellie are;
For other men the stars may shine,
But, when she turns those eyes on me,
O, what care I for moon or stars?
O, well may I how delight, my be!
Chorus.—O, blessed are her looks of love—
O, blessed is the light that lies,
So like a dancing sunbeam, there,
Forever in my Nellie's eyes!

II.

I only know that, should she turn
Away from me those darling eyes,
The world to me would be more dark
Than though no stars were in the skies;
They are the lamps that guide my feet
To her dear dwelling every night;
O, moons and stars are well enough,
But Nellie's eyes are far more bright!
Chorus.—O, blessed are her looks of love—
O, blessed is the light that lies,
So like a dancing sunbeam, there,
Forever in my Nellie's eyes!

J. H. B.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, May 31, '69.

"THE SEASON" is near its close, when our blonde nudities will have an opportunity of getting near *their* clothes, and appearing in fine raiment and decent apparel; although it is evident that strong efforts will be made in a *few* of our spectacular theatrical establishments to run it through on the *no-close* line all summer. "Ladies and gentlemen of undoubted respectability" are already making their appearance in the metropolis in search of places for the season of 1869-70, while managers will soon be here from all the provincial towns for the purpose of looking up talent for the next campaign.....Edwin Booth closed *his* performances on the 29th. On the 27th, the night being cool and pleasant, there was a pretty large attendance to witness Edwin Adams as Othello, and Iago as Mr. Booth. "Why, how's this?" says one gentleman to another, as they entered the theatre, "what is the cause of such a large audience, I wonder." "I can't say," responded his friend, "unless it be owing to the large number of ministers in town at present."..... And talking about ministers "Our Jim" says there is a good one at his theatrical boarding house, who says the blessing at table, and otherwise attends to the moral regeneration of the flock. Our reverend friend takes frequent opportunity to *desecrate* on the *scanty* attire of the *ballet* girls, though how *he* should know anything about it is a puzzle to Jim. Rev. Mr. Girtlly said that all that the *ballet* now wear is a small piece of *gauze*, whereupon "Our Jim," who never goes back on the girls, remarked that in *that* case there was not sufficient *gauze* for complaint.....The dresses of our female dancers having been cut off until there is very little of them left, our male dancers are fearful that *their* turn may come next, and that they may be ordered to cut off their *mustachios;* they are already very indignant at the mere idea of such a contingency, and will *shoot their teeth over* it should such an order be given.....One of the principal operations of the past week was the sudden collapse of "Thirteenline" at the Academy of Music. "Jimmy, give us a little epigram on Fisk, Junior." "Want it sharp?" "No, make it as flat as the opera which has just been laid bare on the boards."

ON AN OPERA-TOR.

Fisk junior is a boldnous man—
Lowell in hat and beaver
As on the dock at steamboat time
He calls his band together;
To run a railroad he knows how;
In stocks he'll oft engage;
But experience has taught him that
He cannot drive a stage!

.....Two young *ballet* girls in England, whose salary was even more scanty than their dresses, recently, in a moment of despondency, stabbed themselves with a pair of scissors. Well, it was appropriate at least, for what more suitable weapon than *scissors* with which to *cut the brittle thread of existence?*.....When gentlemen, in a theatre, at the close of an act, arise and go forth in the night, it is unfair to infer that they want a drink. On the contrary, they merely take that opportunity to quietly "register their names."..... Sniffen is a promising utility-man, but protested that he was originally intended for a low comedian. "Our Jim" thinks so too, and says he would make a very low comedian; whereupon Sniffen remarked that his leading business was *au fait*, which was universally conceded, Jim remarking that his leading a march to the lunch counter was unequalled.....We have some pretty gay girls at our house, actresses, dancers, and all that, and they take their tea quite strong. Here is a pretty good thing that crept out quite recently:—The lively Desdemonas, Ophelias, Fairy Queens, etc., were sitting over their sewing the other day, little Dick Smith being the solitary male in the room, and he a precocious youngster of six years only. Now, ladies *will* talk, you know, and anybody who says they don't know what to talk about when they are by themselves, is mistaken. We are sadly afraid that this group was a little naughty, for they said things that wouldn't pass in the Presbyterian conference as orthodox. All at once the general attention was directed to little Dick, who was sitting, with clasped legs and wide open eyes, devouring the conversation, much after the manner of the primitive "Black Crook" audiences. Noticing the lag in the conversation, and rightly considering himself to be the cause, the little rascal exclaimed:—"Go ahead, ladies, don't mind me; *that's just the kind of talk I like to hear!*" Further conversation was dropped for *that* occasion..... It takes a great deal to make some men happy, while for others a very little will suffice. The following is a case in point. It is taken, word for word, from the advertisement of the Fifth Avenue Theatre:—

"SPECIAL NOTICE.—*In compliance with a general demand* on the part of the public, the director is *happy* to announce that on Monday evening, May 31, Tostee will make positively her last appearance in America."

Its rather ungenerous towards Tostee, after the many happy moments she has afforded us, to announce her last appearance in compliance with a general demand, but republics, they say, are ungrateful, and in this instance, at least, it seems to be true.....*"Our Jim"* is very anxious to know whether the Lauri troupe about to appear here is *any* relation to *Annie Lauri?*.....The cable brings us the important intelligence that the health of Charles Dickens is improving since he relinquished his readings. We must infer, therefore, that when he *reads*, he has *spells* of sickness.....Our young friend, Zulella, who does the flying trapeze act at Tammany, failed twice last week in her efforts to catch the trapeze over the stage. We were not surprised at it, for she does not give herself sufficient time to prepare for the flight. She is no sooner on the platform over the gallery, than she bounds off, helter skelter, and instead of going straight between the trapeze ropes she, on the occasion referred to, went so wide of them as to prevent her from completing the act, in due time. Miss Zulella; get the rings well in hand, and mark accurately the spot you wish to fasten on to before darting off in your "wild career."....."Our Jim" has got into a bad habit lately of going round to the theatres and inflicting what he calls witticism, on those around him. At Wood's Museum, the other evening, he asked an old lady sitting beside him, and who had just come from the Presbyterian Convention, why Mr. Bateman deserved the strict observance of all good Christians?" The old schooler answered with an indignant glare, but James, who had'nt noticed the turn affairs had taken, said:—"Because he is a *good Friday!*" On another occasion, while showing off at Booth's theatre, he asked a Senator on his left why Othello and Desdemona were avaricious? The gentleman deigned no reply. "Because," said "the blue-eyed boy" of the period, "though Othello had Cash-io, they entered into a contract to get a *little moor.*" Loud cries of "shame" silenced the youth, and he relapsed into a Greeleyan slumber.....And now as the "Man in the Flies" is anxious for some spare room, we close up our column, and present to you the Man's

ANALLISIS OF THE DRAMMY FROM DIFFERENT PINTS OF VIEW.

MISTER EDDITER CLIPPER.—SIR.—It have parsed into a matter of istory that the fust actor of oom we ave any accounts, which is name it was Thespius, use to deliver lines from the tail boad of a vegetable waggin in the most chased and ciligant langtidge, and the divine William as assured us that when Roshus was an actor in Room e made it howl with such expreshuns as you wouldn e xpec to find nowadays xcep by searchin for the poits. As fur as the classick drammy went it may a ben all rite for men and wimmen to speke in lines o ten sylablusses moar or less, but ow wood it sound if our ordnary conversashus was adopted after the same moddel! widelicet, at the brekfus table of a preposterus merchant:—

Old Moneybags (of Wall street) lakoter:—
My dear I think this tea is scarce so strong
As that we purchased with the Ning-hoo brand
Upon the outer casing, sybilant
I rose and frowned and mounted to the point
Of nasal scent with most delicious freshness.
Mrs. M.—The cause is plain: a cent or two per pound
Additional would cure the scent you speak of.
Pen this my dresser and accept are
As Mrs. Smith's because they're bought for less.

Or, somewhat simmilar, a moddern street conversashun:—

First Citizen.—Good morrow, sir. Fine weather this. I trow.
2d do.—You m'an for ducks. In sooth 'tis very fine.
Hast thou a chaw of 'backer lying loose?

Now, I doan't make no manner o doubt that the eroes and eroesses of the wannerabl drammy as writ by Shaspeare, and Sassenger and Congreve Rockets, and Knoulles, and sitherings, are intitled to the credit of being thus wisely, but owevver that may a ben, it certinly ain't the perwhalin fashion now, fur only the other morning my wife salooted me with, "Wel, what els could you xpec? Them as pays fur sassafras must drink sassafras," and "Give us a kwid, old hoss," comes readier than the langwidge of the classick writers. The reglar critics is grate sticklers, I av noticed, for the hannatic proprieties, which often makes grate stickers of the actors, speshly when they ain't up in their parts. Noe, noe; take my wurd fur it, the critics is all rong in this ere matter. Wurds to be understood, shoold be pronounst *aw nachoorel*, as it mite be, and thus we are what I shood call the nacheral drammy in counterdistinction. I kno its all very nice to talk in poetry, but oo likes that actors men and wimmen ever did it? Now, ere is Amlet's shilly guy, as I emadgin e really did deliver it, an I leve to good judgis if it ain't the most sensibel:—

"It's a qu s tion in my mind wether it's better to hang on to this ere combiah of things, or to give up and kick the bucult to oost. Whether it's better to stand the constant buggering around a feller gets when he's outrageous unfortunat, or to squelch is troubles by jumping off an East river terry bote, and by opposin, end em. Dyin is no more than sleepin, anyow, and when a feller's asleep evidently don't no more feel the ole kicks the hoarches, and all that, that flesh is air to. It's a consummation to be devoutly wisht for; but then a feller mite dream in his sleep—that's the trouble, t'seetter.

All that talk about shuffin off mortle coils, as if they was so mutch rope, is as much fiddersti. When I played Amlet I came on with a long rope layin in picteresque quoils about my neck, and, shuttin the acshion to the wurd and the wurd to the acshion, I tookt it off and eld it up to the view of the aujens, thereby implyin that it was in the contemplashin of the melancholic Prints to end is troubles by angin of isself—witch makes sense of the orther's tex that would otherwise be obscure and meaningless. Sir—this ere classicle drammy is a sell of the most fragrant descripshion. Life must a ben indede a burthen wen a man couldn't ask a nayber the time o day, or order is servant to fetch is cartridge, or tell is barber e wanted to have is wiskers trimmed, rollin is heyes hup'ard in a fine frenzy and goin orf into a convulshion of decades and hexammeters, wen e mite do it in place o Inglish, without any steamin, jus as easy as rollin orf a log. I kno I shood choak over my muffins and coffee if I ad to ask for my butter and shoogar in that kind o fashion, and if I ad to call for a glass o beer in regular metre, I shood never get it, to a sartenty. Sir, we all fall into eckstasees over Mister this and Mr. that, oo won't play nothin but wat e calls ligitimit parts (as if ther cood be sutch a thing as illigitimit parts), and measures is sentences as a taylor measures is tape, but doan't I kno that most anybody as a sly preferents for mellodrammy? Arsk the Bowery frequenters; arsk the aujesses at the Grand Oppery, wen they are playin "Pattery" to delitted crowds—and no half price at that, either. Ar! when Bill Wood and ole Blanchard was in the ite o their glory, and gave us the "Dice o Death" and the "castle of Otranto"—them was the times wen Inglish was Inglish; but things as changed, and the march of innowation goes steddily onward. Bime by, an actor will ave to understand redin and ritin to git an engagement! YOURN.

City Summary.

AFTER AN UNFRUITFUL SEASON of two weeks at the Academy of Music, the opera of "Lurline" collapsed somewhat suddenly and confusedly on the 25th of May, much to the regret of those interested who had been led to believe that the season would have lasted longer. Although given on alternate nights in English and Italian, there appeared to be a rivalry between native and foreign "patrons of the opera" as to which party could present the smallest audience, so between the two, "Lurline" came to the ground.

"CASTE" was brought to a finale at Wallack's on the 29th of May, and the manager was, no doubt, considerably cast down when he came to cast up his accounts, to find that the play was not more remunerative. J. W. Wallack is announced to resume his connection with the company of this house on June 1.

THE VERY DIFFICULT feat of turning a somersault from feet to feet, on the tight-rope, was accomplished every evening the past week at the Tammany, by Alexander Saffrenta, and for which he was deservedly and enthusiastically applauded.

IT IS QUITE EVIDENT that Mr. Edwin Booth is to be judged on his merits hereafter. The appended remarks we take from the *Leader*, of May 27:—

Booths are in the nature of municipal encumbrances. There are ordinances against them. They were long ago removed from the front of the Park Theatre. In one sense Booth is a theatrical encumbrance. He is to be removed from the Sixth avenue house tonight. Mr. Booth is an excellent puffery. Mr. Booth, as manager of a theatre on Broadway, could run it himself as Hamlet for a hundred nights or more. As proprietor of the immense and certainly most beautiful theatre on Sixth avenue, he has run "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello" through what is undoubtedly a second but successful season. We congratulate him on the result, for he must be under immense rent. He can play Edwin Booth off upon the public, but nothing else. So that whether he plays Richelieu, or Hamlet, or Romeo, or Othello, or Iago, the performance is identical in gesture, in monotone, lackadaisicality, in look, in stride, in claptrap, the only difference being that there are differences in textual variations. He never merges Edwin Booth in any personation. His self assurance is signally apparent. This has ever been the test for genius on the stage. In this characteristic his father was famous; as famous as his son is faulty. Such an occurrence could never happen to Edwin Booth as would sometimes come to pass in his father's time; namely, for a theatre-goer, not knowing the bill at a theatre, to enter and find the actor playing a part, and ask who the individual was. One great misfortune to Mr. Booth is that he possesses no mobility of feature, so that whether he loves as Romeo, or hates as Othello, or lies as Iago or half-starves as Hamlet, the expression which he gives his emotions are never varied. He excels only in adapting himself to scenes and words that are picturesque and melodramatically startling; but he has no conception for things, or text, or situations intensely dramatic and calling for business and utterances which may truly be said to be thrilling.

WILLIAM DWYER, who made his bow with Bryants' Minstrels on May 24th, as a balladist, was formerly with the Hibernian Minstrels, who appeared in this city some months since. He possesses a pleasing voice, combining sweetness, flexibility, pathos and power, and free from florid or extraneous ornamentation. In the first part he sang "Blue Eyed Nelly," which was received with considerable applause, and in the ollo the ballad of "Shylie Bawn" was given. Business continued very good the past week. Unsworth gave the banjo solo, and sang "Tinkling on the Banjo." The act called "The two Gen d'Armes," by Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour, keeps the bills, and is nightly encored.

WALLACK'S THEATRE commences its summer season on June 6th with the pantomime of "Mother Hubbard." The cast of this pantomime will include Rose Massey as Boy Blue, Effie Germon as Bo Peep, Fanny Prestige as Betsy Jane, Lizzie Mahon as the Fairy Queen, Lina Edwin as the Lawyer, Miss Lewis as Popsy, J. Beckett as the Baron, Mr. Elliott as Chickaleary, Mad. Lauri as Columbine, and the three Lauri Brothers as Clown, Pantaloon and Harlequin.

RISLEY'S JAPS sailed for England on the steamship France on May 29th. The Joe Taylor Minstrel Troupe sailed for Liverpool by the same ship.

A BIG THING.—Mr. French, of the Oriental Circus, expects to receive here by June 1st a female elephant, which he informs us is the largest that has ever been brought to this country, being twelve feet high, six inches taller than the wan elephant "Hannibal." It is a female elephant, and the landing of this monster from the vessel to the wharf—which will take place in Hoboken—will no doubt be worth seeing.

AN OLD POSTER.—In tearing down an old chimney at the St. John House, corner of Canal and Washington streets, New York, of which Mr. Robert Farmer is proprietor, among other old papers found stored away was a poster of the Park Theatre, of May 14, 1831. The pieces presented on that evening were "The Honey Moon," in which the late William Rufus Blake played Duke Aranza, E. N. Thayer, Rolando; Mr. Foot, Balthazar; McKinney, Count Montalban; Mr. Phillips, Lampedo; Mr. Hyatt, the Mock Duke; Mrs. Gilfert, Juliana; Mrs. Hughes, Volante; Miss Waring, Zamora; and Mrs. Walstein, the Hostess; followed by an address spoken by Mr. Blake, and concluding with the farce of "High Life Below Stairs," introducing Messrs. Hyatt and Jervis, Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. French in the cast. W. Chapman is underlined for an appearance on May 9th.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" bids fair to become a success at Wood's Museum, for the audiences have been growing larger each evening of late, while the afternoon houses are well attended by ladies and children. As a spectacle it is conceded by all to be equal to anything witnessed on the New York boards for some time, and manager Wood will no doubt be repaid for his outlay of money and his enterprise.

"PATRIE" was produced for the first time in America at the Grand Opera House on May 24th. It is an historic drama, in eight tableaux and nine scenes, translated from the French of Victorien Sardou by Henry A. Delisle, formerly a member of the New York press. The plot may be briefly told as follows:—The action takes place in Brussels in the year 1670, and is based upon the revolt of the citizens against Philip II of Spain. The first act opens at the Butcher's Market, where sit in council the Duke's Provost and others who are there to condemn to death a number of Flemish insurgents. Among the number is the Count Rysoor, who had been absent from his home for three days with William of Orange, taking measures to overthrow the Duke of Alva. Much to his surprise a Spanish Captain, who lived in the same house with the Count and who was called as a witness against him, states that on the night the Count was said to be away he (the Captain) on returning to his dwelling drunk, was met in the doorway of the Count's chamber by the Count, and he stumbled against the door. That the Count and himself had a scuffle, during which he (the Spaniard) had cut the Count's first with his sword, and the Countess came from the same chamber to the door and told the Count to leave the drunken sot. This, of course, cleared the Count, and as soon as the rest had left the Count questions the Captain, and much to his surprise learns that what the Captain had said was true, and that while he (the Count) was away his Countess had slept in her bed-room, and all night. Learning that the individual had received an injury in the wrist, he starts to discover who his rival is. The next scene is the Count's dwelling, where we find Captain Karloo, a dear friend of the Count, making the most desperate love to the Countess, who, in turn, is deeply loved by the Spanish wife. The Count enters just as the Karloo retires. He accuses his wife of her infidelity, and boldly does she admit it all, giving as an excuse that the Count is old, and that she has an aversion for him, she being a Catholic and he a Protestant, he a Flemish and she a Spaniard. She refuses to divulge her lover's name, but the Count threatens to find him out and kill him. He leaves his home for the purpose of meeting William of Orange on the ramparts in the city of Brussels, for the purpose of completing arrangements for the insurrection. He is followed by the Countess, who overhears all the plans laid, and, forcing herself into the presence of the Duke of Alva at his palace, she tells all, determined to rid herself of her hated husband, thus giving to the halter her husband for the sake of enjoying her lover. Much to her surprise she learns that Karloo, her lover, is one of the conspirators. She then denies everything, but is securely confined, while the Duke arrests the Count, and his friends. It had been arranged that, that night William of Orange was to wait outside the town with his army of six thousand men, and when everything was all right the bell ringer of the city was to chime forth a festive tune, which would be the signal for the attack, but in case everything was wrong a funeral dirge would be given, when they should retreat. Just previous to the time for ringing the midnight bell, Karloo with a sword, when he discovers the scarred wrist, and upbraids him for the injury he has done him, but promises to forgive all if they are victorious in their attack upon the Duke. The Count, with the rest, is condemned to death, but kills himself. Before doing so he exacts a promise from Karloo that whoever the traitor may be that has informed on them, he will kill him. The bell is rung, dagger in hand he kills himself, at the same time urging Karloo to tell the Countess that he forgives her. The Countess then sues to the Duke for her lover's pardon which is granted, but partly forced from him by a daughter of the Duke, who is an invalid, and who is terribly excited at the last thing. Seeing the Countess in trouble she at once befriends her by obtaining her lover's pardon, and at the same time secures a passport for Karloo and Lilie. Karloo, free, goes to the Countess' home, where he meets the Countess, who delights over her husband's death, as she can now enjoy her lover. This declaration disgusts Karloo, and, in the course of the conversation, she counsels him to fly from the city with her, and, when told that she cannot leave without a passport, informs him she has one. Karloo had been told that the party that had informed on the Duke was a woman, and she had received a passport to Lilie. He then discovers that the Countess was the informer, and seizing the dagger stabs her to death. The last scene is the procession of the condemned to death, the death of the Duke's daughter, and Karloo who rushes in claiming his right to die, and the end follows. It was twenty minutes to one o'clock before the performance was over. The drama has been placed upon the stage, so far as the scenery and costumes are concerned, in magnificent style, reflecting credit upon the management and all concerned in its production. But the acting is not so satisfactory. The Countess is not a very pleasing part with which to impress an audience, and Mrs. Gladstane, who assumed the character, seemed to rant herself hoarse by speaking at the top of her voice. Mr. Goldcck, was terribly melo-dramatic, and but little that he uttered could be understood. Mr. Mayo did not give a very satisfactory impersonation of Karloo. Mr. Carden was good as the Provost, and Mme. Ponisi, who was engaged in place of Mrs. E. T. Stetson, met with a very enthusiastic reception. Blanche Gray gave a fair rendering of the Duke's daughter.

G. A. HOTCH gave one representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the opera house, Detroit, on the 29th of May, with J. E. Whiting, W. T. Johnson, M. D. Lacy, A. B. Kennedy, J. L. Sanford, Agnes Vache and others in the cast.

BOSTON THEATRICALS.—Very little in the way of novelty has been given the Bostonians the past week by the several amusement managers, so we are informed by a correspondent, who says:—"At the Boston Theatre we have had Joe Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle,' Joseph Proctor gave a representation of the Jibbenainosay on May 29th, closing the regular season here on the 31st. Tony Denier comes with 'Humpty Dumpty' for a summer season.....Speaking of 'Humpty Dumpty,' to-night. (May 29th) is the last performance of that pantomime at the Theatre Comique, after only a three weeks' run. It did not meet with the success the management expected, or with the success it deserved .....At Selwyn's there have been three performances of 'Sunshine through the Clouds,' and 'Billiards' was given three nights. If the season was to continue longer these plays would, no doubt, have quite a run, for they have been very successful. 'Billiards,' especially, affords one of the most enjoyable performances we have had. It is full of fun and Stewart Robson makes the most of his opportunities. On May 25th Chas. Koppitz had a benefit, giving the 'Spirit of '76,' with Mrs. Chanfrau, Miss Harris, Mrs. Davenport, Messrs. Robinson, Josephs and Griffiths in the cast. On May 27th were given, for H. L. Daly's 'ben,' 'Dora' and 'Black Eyed Susan,' one of the most successful bills yet presented at this house. This afternoon (May 29th) 'Dora' and 'Black Eyed Susan' are repeated for the last time this season. To-night the business agent, H. N. McGlenin, has a benefit, 'School' and 'The Spitfire' being the bill. Next (this) week is the last of the season at this establishment. On May 31st Barry's benefit with the 'Rivals;' June 2d Farnsworth's benefit with 'To Parents and Guardians;' June 3d Mrs. Chanfrau's benefit, when F. S. Chanfrau comes on, for that night only, to play Sam; Selwyn's benefit on June 4, with 'London Assurance;' Saturday closes the season..... At the Museum 'Rosedale' has occupied the boards for the week with fair success. To-night (May 29th) a complimentary benefit is given to H. Murdoch, when 'Oliver Twist' and 'Brother Bill and Me' form the bill. Next (this) week is given the sixteenth new play of the season, which speaks well of the manager's enterprise, but not of the success of the plays. The play is a 'Cup of Tea,' translated from the French, and is highly spoken of. It certainly has a very peculiar title. The Museum, I am afraid, has not been so successful this year as formerly."

MRS. MARY WALSH, of Brooklyn, has made a translation of "Die Heimath," under the title of "Home," which has been produced in St. Louis, by Miss Kate Reignolds. Mr. T. W. Robertson's "Home" has founded upon this drama. Robertson wrote "Home" for Mr. Sothern, and he made the male character the hero of the drama, instead of Rose's part, which he cut considerably. In the German drama, Rose is the heroine. Mrs. Walsh is the lady who dramatized "Three Times Dead," and "Archie Lovell."

Musical.

A HYMN OF PEACE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(To the music of Keller's "American Hymn."†)

Dr. Holmes has written the following hymn for the Peace Jubilee in Boston:—

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come, while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
Speed o'er the 'ar sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive leaf, garland of love—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers, we meet, on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet as the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offr to thee,
Brothers, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath o' the organ reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS closed their season of forty-three weeks at Portland, Me., on May 24th. They commence their next season on or about August 1st.

HALL'S BOSTON CONCERT COMPANY, with Camilla Urso as the star, Miss Ridgway, soprano; the Hall Brothers, cornet and bugle soloists, and Chas. E. Pratt, pianist; Dexter Smith, manager, are "swinging round the circle" in New England, where the people have been hungering from the far west. They will close their season at Boston Music Hall on June 7th, assisted by Hall's military and reed band.

THE JUBILEE.—The firemen of Boston met at the City Hall on May 24th to consider the proposition to use one hundred of their number for the sledge hammer business in connection with the mvvi chorus from Verdi's "Trovatore," to be given at the Jubilee. Nearly a hundred men were present, representing all but five companies in the department. The requisite number of men were secured, and the first rehearsal was given on the 25th at Chickering Hall, under Mr. Gilmore's personal supervision.

MR. LOWELL MASON and MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS are the only persons to whom invitations as honorary guests have been extended to the approaching musical festival in Boston, by the Executive Committee.

TWO SPANIARDS created quite a sensation at a reception recently given by the Princess Mathilda in Paris by their playing on and singing to the guitar; and, says a writer from thence, "one Spanish performer fairly outboned any nigger melodist; the way in which he manouvered a tambourine was a thing to see and believe—hardly to write about and be believed. He made it laugh, talk, sing, dance, act trapeze, and finally spring up in the air and come down in time to be caught in the chorus."

THE SEASON at the French Opera House in New Orleans, says "Crescent," "closed on the 20th of May, with the benefit of Mr. Engel, on which occasion the second, third, fourth and fifth acts of 'Romeo and Juliet' were presented, with Miss Hasselman as Juliet and the beneficiary as Romeo. The first act of 'La Traviata' was also to have been sung, but, owing to the indisposition of Mme. Lambele A'haiza, who was to have sung the part of Violetta, was omitted. The occasion, nevertheless, was a brilliant one throughout, Miss Hasselman being enthusiastically applauded after singing the waltz in the first act. The beneficiary received any quantity of flowers, in the shape of baskets, bouquets and wreaths of a most expensive kind, as well as a silver card basket, a jewel box and many minor articles of *vertu*. Mr. Engel's voice rang through the house, silver-toned and clear, frequently rising above orchestra, chorus and applause. The audience was fairly carried away with delight, and the increased power seemed to infuse itself into all the other performers. So it was that the operatic season of 1868 and 1869 wound up triumphantly. Mr. Calabresi, manager, had a good house at his benefit on the previous night, and the performance was thoroughly in keeping with every one's anticipations. The orchestra having played the overture to Weber's 'Oberon,' the curtain rose and discovered the whole company dressed for their different characters for the evening, Mlle. Hasselman as Marguerite, Mdlle. Lambele Adhaiza as Juliette, Mme. Caubier as Valentine, Mme. Bourgeois as Fides, Chauveau as Sebile, Picot as Rouel, Engel as Romeo, and Van Huffien as St. Bris, with the entire *bouffe* company, each one extending some gift, wreath or bouquet. The stage manager, M. Gravier, made a short and neat speech in French, after which the performances, including portions of 'The Prophet,' 'Huguenots,' 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Faust,' went on, terminating at 12.40 A. M.....Mr. A. B. Chase a prominent vocalist, is about to give, at Odd Fellows' Hall, a grand ballad concert, at which only English, American, Irish and Scotch songs are to be sung. Miss Mary H——d, a gi ted soprano, is to sing 'Within a Mile of Edinboro Town' on the occasion. Mr. Chase has recently concluded a successful series of parlor concerts here."

MOSE CASE, the guitarist and vocalist, gave a concert at Mohawk, N. Y., May 30th.

PROF. ALBERT H. FERNALD, who accompanies the Alleghanians on their foreign tour, as pianist, has been concertising lately with the Peak Family, in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

THE ALLEGHANIANS opened at Watertown, N. Y., May 25th, to a full house. This week they are announced at Ottawa, Ont., under the patronage of the members of the House of Parliament. D. G. Waldron is still ahead of this popular troupe.

OLE BULL announced a farewell concert in Providence, R. I., May 31st.

PAREPA ROSA and company appeared at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on May 22d, to a large audience. Sig. Ferranti made a hit here (this being his second appearance). He was greeted with applause, and all his songs were *encored* from two to five times. The other members of the company are worthy of all the praise given them.

CAMILLA URSO and company gave a concert at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on the 25th ult., to a slim audience.

"BLIND TOM" was at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, all last week, doing but a moderate busin ss. Besides his feats of piano playing, he repeated several speeches *verbatim*, giving imitations of manner, etc. He was to exhibit in Covington, Ky., May 31st, and Madison, Ind., June 1st and 2d.

PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL EVENTS are thus reported by our correspondent, up to May 29th:—"At the Academy of Music on Monday evening, May 24th, Ole Bull gave his farewell concert, assisted by Mrs. S. W. Barton, soprano; Mr. Wm. McDonald, tenor; Mr. Benj. Owen, organist and accompanist; Mr. Theodore Martens, pianist, &c. The house was good, and the concert gave the greatest satisfaction.....At the Theatre Comique on Monday evening, May 24th, the Galton Troupe produced an operatic piece entitled 'Florette the Cricket' (arranged from the popular drama of 'Fanchon the Cricket') to a full house. The play itself is the most charming of its class. It is a quaint little pastoral story, told in simple language, and with a plot which is a fibre rather than a fabric, and yet upon its slender thread are hung the most tender pathos, faithfullest love, generous self-sacrifice and all the dramatic passions, from hard-fisted avarice to sweetest affections. What it possesses an indescribable weirdness and fantasticality, which lift the story far out of the lower level of common life, placing it just below the realms of fairyland, in that wonder world in which so many of the German story tellers have found their characters. The play is essentially German in spirit. The quaintest figure in the story is Fanchon, and this character, fitting Miss Susan Galton as if the author had known her talent and written it for her, was played with surpassing grace and feeling. The most remarkable scene was that in which the half wild girl dances with her shadow in the moonlight and sings the beautiful song from 'Dinorah.' This was done with such superb skill as to merit the warmest praise, Miss Susan never appearing to greater advantage, but played well throughout, singing the sweet music, wedded with an admirable sense of fitness to the text, artistically and well. Mr. Kelleher appeared as the lover, Landry, and having music suited to him, acquitted himself creditably. It was judicious to give the part to a sentimental tenor rather than to a singer like Mr. Whiffin, whose greatest power is in comedy, and who personated the simple Didier gracefully. Mr. Clark appeared as Farmer Barbaud, and for the first time since his appearance here had an opportunity to display his fine bass voice; his powers are really remarkable, but he has not yet acquired that ease of manner which will be necessary to insure complete success as a public singer. Miss Blanche Galton appeared as Fadette, and gave a very acceptable performance of the somewhat ungracious part. Mrs. Galton appeared as Mother Barband. The chorus contained several good singers and gave evid nce of careful training. There is a Maypole dance in the second act, and it was very prettily executed. Altogether the entertainment was highly meritorious, and 'Florette' is the very best piece yet produced by the Galtons, and should have a long run.....Miss Clara Louise Kellogg announces, as a farewell to Philadelphia previous to her departure for Europe, a grand operatic concert at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, June 1st and 2d, when she will be assisted by Signor Boetti and Susini. The 'Barber of Seville' will be sung, with both vocal and instrumental selections. Miss Kellogg being an immense favorite in this city, no doubt her farewell will be greeted with a full house."

CAMILLO URSO gives a concert in Worcester, Mass., on June 3d.

BRIGNOLI'S CONCERT TROUPE announced a series of concerts in St. Louis on May 24th, in addition to the operatic concert, Sig Brignoli sang "Good Bye, Sweet Heart." On the 25th "The Barber of Seville" was given, with Mille Durand as Rosina; Sig Brignoli as Count Almavira, and Sig Petrilli as Figaro. On the 26th, the first act of "Lucia de Lammermoor," the buffo trio of "Crispino," 4th act of "La Favorita" and the Tower scene and *miserere* from "Il Trovatore" were given.

E. HARRISON, leader of orchestra and composer, advertises that he can be engaged.

GRAU'S FRENCH OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY appeared for four nights at the Detroit Opera House, commencing May 24th. Our correspondent says:—"The troupe is the largest and best appointed that has ever visited Detroit. The operas produced were 'Genevieve de Brabant' on Monday and Thursday evenings, 'La Grande Duchesse' on Tuesday evening and Thursday afternoon, and 'La vie Parisienne on Wednesday evening. All were brought ought in first class style, the chorus being large and powerful, the orchestra good, and the minor details carefully attended to. Large and fashionable audiences have greeted them.

Variety Halls.

VARIETY TALENT wishing to enjoy a summer season in a rural retreat should go for the Sundower Varieties, Columbus, Indiana, as per advertisement.

AT THE BAY CITY HALL, Bay City, Mich., Con. O'Leary is stage manager, and the company consists of Tim Hayes, Ella Dormer, Nellie Florence, Tommy Reardon, Danny and Little Hank, and Charlie Lester.

NO CHANGES at the International, Toledo, Ohio. The old company are playing to fair business. Clara Burton is a good card, and does some handsome dancing.

VARIETY HALL BIZ. in Cincinnati, as reported by our correspondent on the 28th ult., has been dull, decidedly, for the week past, and the poor business seems to have taken the spirit out of the different managers, as there has been scarcely a novelty to chronicle. At the Oxford Hall the only change was the disappearance of Ellise, who finally got off to Saginaw. Thompson, Frank Nilson and Alberts, the Genneet Sisters, Minnie Clark and Zelie Renard furnished the attractions, which did not draw like a magnet, probably because of the warm weather. The same may be said of the Race Street Theatre. Johnny Weaver and May Gifford have succeeded very well. Addie Sprague and Marsh Adams gave an excellent duet. Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman repeated their double essence, which is not so much of an addition as it used to be. Next (this) week Bowman and Harris, from Tony Pastor's, New York, will reappear, after an absence of several months. Yale's has been running to a moderate business with the same old faces, Admiral Yale and Johnny Nichols being on the ends, Billy Mann in the middle, and Lizzie Jackson and Julia Yale the principal feminine attractions. A number of new 'uns are promised for the coming week..... Biz has been slim at the New York establishment and nothing new to chronicle.....Lizzie Wheeling, late of the Race street, has gone to Nashville.....Berthelon and Reese leave this week for New York, having been engaged, as they claim, for 'Convent Garden,' in Hoboken. .....Sam Devine has gone to Cleveland to fulfil an engagement.....Military Hall was occupied on Sunday evening, the 23d, by a company consisting of Berthelon, Reese, Johnny Shay, Lizzie Shay, Minnie Clark and others.....Frank Pell and J. B. Whitman are contemplating an overland trip to California.

A SHOOTING AFFAIR.—On Wednesday evening, May 26th, a shooting affray took place in a concert saloon in Memphis, Tenn., resulting in the probable death of Veaudemont, whose real name was Depelgram. It appears that, soon after the performance began, a man named Johnson entered the concert saloon and demanded of the barkeeper the amount due him for work; not receiving a satisfactory reply, Johnson became enraged, and struck the barkeeper, who, with the assistance of others, ejected Johnson from the place. Before the door conid be closed, Johnson drew a revolver and fired at the barkeeper. The shot struck Veaudemont, and, in his fall, Johnson then ran, and was pursued by officers, who fired after but missed him. Johnson turned, and, taking deliberate aim, fired six or seven shots. First one struck Officer Sweet in the breast, just below the heart, and passed through his body. The second shot struck Rice in the hip, inflicting a severe wound.

SEVERAL CHANGES occurred at the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn., the past week. C. Merringlar left on May 29th, also Mlle. Arizola, for Omaha. Charley Sullivan goes to the same place. A. R. Campbell and Nelle Redden put in an appearance on May 24th, and on the 28th James Cummings, banjoist, Minnie Gray and Lizzie Whalen appeared.

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, under the management of Nachman and Gardiner, presents nightly an acceptable programme. Sam Collyer and his boys, Dan and Eddy, closed on May 26th, when Matt Wheeler, the eccentric Dutch and Ethiopian performer, re-appeared. J. W. Berkley, the stage manager, regularly does his banjo solo, and together with George Thatcher, seldom makes an exit without an *encore*. Maggie Atlanta is popular as a balladist. Fanny Devere, Fanny May, Sig. Capolo and Wm. H. Delacy are still in the company, which will be augmented the current week by Viola Clifton and Johnny Pierce.

AT THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, Charlie Howard and Johnny Pierce closed their engagement on May 29th. Among the recent acquisitions we notice Mlle. Carolista, *danseuse*. Sam Gardner, who does the leading business in the female minstrel or first part scene, Jule Keen, with his Dutch characters, and Bell Graham and Maggie Clare. The programme concludes with a burlesque called "The Knights of Pythias." This week Kate Raymond and the horse drama of "Mazeppa" is commenced.

THE CASE of Kernan Bros. and Nachman and Gardner, indicted for keeping improper establishments, came up in the Baltimore City Court last week, when the parties had the case postponed until August, and moved to Baltimore county for trial.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, continues to do a good business. E. D. Gooding put in an appearance on the 24th, and created a favorable impression. The Female Minstrels have been so well received that the act is continued the past week. Sam Devere, Charley Benedict, Frank West and Mike Kanane attend to the Ethiopian department; Nellie Taylor and Adah Richmond to the vocal, and Lizzie Mitchell, Flora Leonetta, Saidee Rush, Fred and Emily Seigel to the terpsichorean. In the afterpiece Geo. R. Edeson and W. H. Danvers sustain the leading *roles*.

VALENTINE LOVE, Nellie Maskell, John Denier, Maggie Willett and Mazora Arnoldi are at the old Pittsburgh Theatre this week.

TONY PASTOR opens at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for a summer season, on June 28th, with all his present company, besides the Dashwood Sisters, Bobby Newcomb and Billy Emmett, which will prove to be a strong attraction for the "Jubilee People."

THE ROGERS BROTHERS—Nell and Steve—appeared at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on May 24th. Kate Hunter is announced to appear on June 1st.

COLLINS, "the cure," appears this week at Wild's Varieties, Buffalo, N. Y.

MANAGER HOWARD closed his place in St. Louis on May 24th, but will re-open this week.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, says a correspondent:—"Ronzali's 'Surprise Dance,' Carroll's 'Mississippi Fling,' Susie Starr's 'Pas De Action,' Fred. Shaw's hits on the times, Alice Selder's musical melange, and banjo selections of Sallie Swift and Buckley, have been the principal features of late. 'Fortunio' was given on May 24th, and kept on the boards till the 31st, when it will be replaced by Fred. Shaw's burlesque, 'Undone.'"

Negro Minstrelsy.

BERRY BROTHERS and Sage's Minstrels have been traveling through the small towns in New York state.

HARRISON'S MINSTRELS, who were billed in several towns in Connecticut for the past week, threw up the stands in consequence of the great opposition of circuses and other shows, and have engaged to open in Washington, D. C., at the National Theatre, June 7th.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS gave one of their entertainments at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, May 25th, to a good house. They went to Williamsport for two nights, and returned to Elmira and gave one more entertainment on Friday, the 28th. They left for Corning on the 29th.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS play in Owego, N. Y., May 31st and June 1st.

HARRISON'S MINSTRELS were to appear at Bridgeport, Conn., on May 27th, but failed to put in an appearance.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, from their Opera House, Brooklyn, have left the "City of Churches" for a few weeks, for the purpose of giving the boys a little fresh air from the noble Hudson, stopping at the principal towns. They fill up the current week as follows:—Newburgh, May 31st; Poughkeepsie, June 1st; Hudson, 2d; Troy, 3d and 4th. On the 7th they appear in Albany, N. Y., and remain two nights.

HUGHY DOUGHERTY, Johnny Wild, Master Barney and Mac, have organized a minstrel organization for a tour through New England, and will start on July 12th. The members are composed principally of Morris Brothers' Minstrels, so long known in Boston. Johnny Wild is business manager and William Foote, Jr., agent.

CHARLEY MORRIS' MINSTRELS perform in Gloversville, N. Y., on June 4th.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are booked in Massillon, Ohio, for June 23d.

JOHNNY ALLEN, having sold his interest in the Emerson, Allen and Manning Minstrels, Emerson and Manning have how added to their company J. R. Kemble, C. S. Fredericks and Jules Seidel, late of Fred. Wilson's party, and Sig. Marks, the harpist. The principal features in the olio in St. Louis the past week were Marks' harp solo, Frederick's ballad, "Call Me Thine Own," Emerson's "Happy Moments," and the Triple solos, evolutions by the Reignolds Brothers and Master Eddie. The afterpiece was "Oh Hush," with Kemble as Sam Johnson; Manning, Cuff; Chas. Wheaton, Pete; and the only Emerson, Rose. They were to go from St. Louis to Cincinnati for four weeks.

EMERSON AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS were to open for a summer season at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 31st of May.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are posted for Quincy, Ill., June 7th and 8th; Springfield, 9th and 10th; Jacksonville, 11th; and Alton, 12th.

KELLY AND LEON opened in London, Eng., with the Montague Christy Minstrels, on May 17th, as will be seen by the following item received from London just as we were going to press:—"Leon and Kelly opened last night (17th) at Montague Royal Christy's, St. George Hall, to a big house. Leon *hit them hard* and was said to be the greatest success ever achieved in London in minstrelsy. He opened in 'saucy Sal,' 'Twice Married' and 'Bar Blue.'"

Circuses.

G. F. ORRIN'S CIRCUS reached Panama on May 8th, from Costa Rica, and finding business very dull in Panama, concluded to ship direct for California, and was to open at "Frisco" on May 10th, with all the company. In a letter to us, dated May 9th, Mr. Orrin says:—"Courtney's company from Mexico, with the Nelson Brothers, Arreck, and other gymnasts, were here about three weeks ago, and gave five performances in the theatre, with, I am told, good success. The public speak very highly of their performance, more particularly of Arreck's feats on the single trapeze, and that act by the Nelsons, with the three violins. They left here for Callao and Lima. It seems as though they were chasing up Chisrini's company, who, I see by the papers, was expected in Valaparaiso about the middle of last month. The reports from Callao was that the company had been very unfortunate, and had lost three of the company by yellow fever, and Chiarini had lost two of his best horses. I give it to you just as I heard it from several parties, but none could tell the names of the members of the company that had died. As all accounts were not alike, I will not mention names in case it may not be true."

STOWE'S WESTERN CIRCUS has been experiencing considerable rain of late, while making its detour of Michigan. The concern was to be in Hastings, Mich., May 27th; Nashville, 28th; Charlotte, 29th; and go thence to Eaton Rapids, 31st; Leslie, June 1st; Mason, 2d; Langsburgh, 3d, and so on to Saginaw, where they expect to be about the 8th or 9th of June.

LAKE'S CIRCUS exhibited in Nashville, Tenn., on May 24th and 25th.

S. REID, second violinist and B flat cornet player, advertises for a position with a circus or other good troupe. Read Reid's card for address, etc.

STICKNEY'S CIRCUS was billed at Saco, Me., for May 31st.

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS exhibits in Mount Vernon, N. Y., June 1st; Danbury, Conn., 2d, and Bridgeport, 4th.

JAMES ROBINSON'S CIRCUS exhibits in Erie, Pa., on June 2d.

STONE & MURRAY'S CIRCUS will perform in East Boston, Mass., June 2d; Chelsea, 3d; Reading, 4th; Lynn, 5th; Gloucester, 7th; Salem, 8th; Lowell, 9th and 10th.

MR. HIGH DAY, the clown, was in Elmira on Monday, May 24th. He was on his way to join Alexander Robinson's Circus at Bath, N. Y.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN CIRCUS showed two days at New Haven, Conn., on the 26th and 27th ult., to immense business. With their great attractions they give an excellent show. Madame De Berg fell from her horse at Waterbury, Conn., and strained her ankle so that she was unable to appear in New Haven. She is now confined to her room at the United States Hotel. With the care she receives she hopes soon to be able to resume her regular vocation in the saw dust arena.

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS is billed for June 9th at New Haven, Conn. Charles W. Fuller and his assistants were in that city on the 24th, contracting and billing.

FOREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE is billed in Chicago, Ill., to exhibit there on June 7th, and remain three days.

CAMPBELL'S CIRCUS is posted in advance by the paste brigade as follows:—Westfield, Mass., May 31st; Chester, Mass., June 1st; Commington, Mass., June 2d; Shelburn, Mass., June 3d; North Adams, Mass., June 4th, and Bennington, Vt., June 5th. Business is said to be good, and at Amenia the crowd was so great that the seats gave way on soft ground, when the performance was stopped and people removed, when the seats were put up again and the show went on.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S ADVERTISING WAGON seems to be one of the attractive features of his show, and lends very material aid to the success of the season. We are not alone in this opinion, as is evident by the appended quotations from the Cleveland *Herald* and *Plaindealer*, respectively, of the 28th ult.:—

THE GREATEST ADVERTISING WAGON KNOWN.—The idea of advertising by means of a "Indian Basket Trick," on Monday consisted of placing a boy in a basket about four feet long, two feet wide and two feet high, and as quick as he is in it, he thrusts a sword into the basket. At the same time a loud screaming is heard, as if the boy had been killed, and the Professor draws forth the sword, from which is distinctly seen blood dropping. On the evening in question, the boy screamed louder than the bloody sword had been exhibited, than a lady—the wife of a prominent business man in Brooklyn—became so terrified that she was seized with hysterics, and such a screaming has seldom been heard, either before or behind the footlights of any theatre. Several gentlemen attempted to quiet the lady, but it was no use, for she had become so excited that it was impossible for three men to hold her. As she quieted she was removed from the theatre. During all this excitement the boy, who was supposed to have been killed, appeared in the gallery "as well and as hearty as ever he was in his life," as Unsworth says. People around the City Hall, who heard the screaming—the window of the building being open—came rushing in crowds to the hall. The incident created more excitement than anything we have ever heard of in the show business, and, for the sensational, eclipses all similar efforts of magicians. On the following evening the audience were appealed to as to whether the act should be performed, and the verdict was "No!" which was acquiesced in by Manager Hoolley, who was quite excited over its performance the previous night.

HARRY MACARTHY and troupe opens in Nashville, Tenn., on June 1st, for three nights at the new theat

SAMUEL K. MURDOCH gave a reading from the poets in Manayunk, Pa., one evening the past week, which a singular affair took place. He was reciting "the Vagabonds," and had reached the lines, "Quick, sir; I am ill by brain is working," when the audience saw a handkerchief on the lips of the reader—suddenly, when the interest was at its height, a stoutly built man of perhaps thirty years, advanced rapidly to the front, and before any one could divine his purpose, he sprang on the platform, and made a fierce attack on Mr. Murdoch, striking him a severe blow in the face, following it up by others with great vigor. Being unprepared for such treatment, the gentleman made no attempt to defend himself from the first blow; but, recovering himself, he warded off the rest, and with a well directed hit from the shoulder, sent the man staggering into the hands of the policeman, who bore him off to the station house. It was ascertained, subsequently, that the unfortunate fellow had formerly been subject to nervous epilepsy, and it is supposed that the excitement had for the time overpowered him. After Mr. Murdoch concluded his readings an hour and a half after the occurrence without the slightest embarrassment, and seemingly with increased vigor, and with the real applause of the audience.

Amateur.

THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Bridgeport, Conn., gave an entertainment on May 17th for the benefit of the "Orphan Asylum." The play, written by a resident gentleman, was entitled "The Spirit of '76, or the coming Woman." The scene is laid in Boston in the year 1876, when the coming woman is supposed to have arrived. The principal characters are Mrs. Wigfall, a woman who is opposed to have come, and Mr. Carberry, a gentleman who has been absent thirty years from his native shore, who is much surprised at the state in which he finds society on his return. The piece was a hit upon the women's rights question, and was full of incidents.

THE "WHEATLEY," of Philadelphia, performed the "Heir at Law" and "Bombastes Furioso" on May 26th. There is some talk of their playing the "Grand Duchess" on June 2d.....The "Davenport," on May 27th, gave the "Maid of Croissey" and "Servants by Legacy." Some of the parts were well done.....The "Shakespeare" closed on May 27th with "Everybody's Friend" and "Roland for an Oliver." Owing to the illness of one of the ladies, "Don Cæsar" had to be taken off and "Roland for an Oliver" substituted. A correspondent says:—"The audience was large, and showed their appreciation of the show by frequent rounds, and, indeed, the members deserved it, for each one of them did his or her best to close with a good name, and they got it. The De Boots of F. W. Hulfish was excellent; Mr. Gunnis did Featherly in splendid style; G. W. Conway, as Icebrook, comes in also for a full share of praise. The ladies were excellent. In the last piece, 'Roland for an Oliver,' Mr. E. Barbran, as Sir Mark Chase, and Mr. Morris, as Selbourne, were particularly noticeable. Maria Darlington, by Miss L. Hughes, and Mrs. Selbourne, by Miss E. Montgomery, were done admirably. Take it all in all, it was a performance worth seeing..... The 'Irving Literary Association' give a performance on June 2d. The bill will consist of 'Our Wife' and the 'Irish Emigrant.'.....Next (this) week will about end the amateur performances in Philadelphia for the season."

IN CINCINNATI the different amateur organizations have about closed for the season. The Shakespeare gave its last representation on the 18th. The Davenport closed its season on the 21st, with selections from several plays, among which was "Richelieu." The Wood will close its season on the 4th of June, the programme being "Married Life" and "Act on Parle Francais."

Foreign Show News.

THE LATEST EUROPEAN SHOW NEWS.—At the London theatres burlesque was the principal feature for Whitsuntide, commencing on May 17th, more particularly with the West End theatres. At the Gaiety an *opera bouffe*, written by Alfred Thompson, is founded on the subject of "Columbus"..... The "Corsican Brothers, or the Troublesome Twins,"† the title of an old extravaganza by H. J. Byron, presented at the Globe..... Edith Sandford was to open at the Surrey Theatre on the 17th, in her sensational equestrian drama called "Firefly."..... The "Battle of Waterloo" was to be revived at Astley's on the 17th, with H. Dudley as Napoleon, James Harwood as Wellington, and Julia Craven as Mary Cameron..... Byron's poem of "Manfred" holds the boards of the Standard, with Mr. Phelps in the principal role. Britain Wright's benefit at this house was to take place on the 19th..... The summer season was commenced at the Grecian, and a new drama, by Conquest, entitled "From the Streets to the Hulks," presented..... At the Britannia, a new drama by Hazlewood, called "Hop Pickers and Gipsies," was the Whitsuntide entertainment..... Susan Dibin was to open at Sadler's Wells on the 17th in "East Lynne." For her benefit on May 21st "Leah" and "East Lynne" were announced..... Quite an attractive bill was prepared for the Alexandra Theatre and Gardens, consisting of a balloon race, instrumental concert, old English sports, Satator, the man frog, dancing on the platform, the drama of "Oliver Twist" and a display of fireworks..... "Rip Van Winkle" has been gotten up for the Alfred Theatre, in addition to the drama of "Light in the Dark."..... The East London presents James Fernandez, Lewis Norton, F. Thomas and Marian Lacey in a new drama called "Forsaken." ....."Life for Life," by Dr. Westland Marston, has been transferred from the Lyceum to the Adelphi, and obtained a very hearty reception in its new home. Miss Neilson in Lilian and Miss Minnie Sidney in Kenelm are the only members of the original company who are retained..... "Les Parisiens" and "Les Faux Bonhommes" have been acted at the St. James for one hundred nights. Nor has the amusement has taken place at the Haymarket, Gaiety, Queen's, Olympic, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Globe and Holborn theatres.....A variety of performances have been given at the Surrey, including "Richard III," in which Mr. Creswick played the Duke of Gloster, and "Hamlet," in which Mr. Creswick appeared as Hamlet and Mr. Marston as Ghost..... and "The Poor of London" and "The Lancashire Lass" have been performed at the Grecian, and "The Lord and the Lout" and "The Old, Old Story," at the Britannia."..... "Nelly, the Ragpicker," has been produced at the Victoria..... A variety of dramas have been given at the New East London..... At Astley's "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" have been performed..... The Charing-Cross Theatre will open early in June, with a new and original drama, in three acts, by C. S. Cheltnam, a new one act operetta, the music by Mr. E. L. Hime, and a burlesque, founded on the opera of "Norma," by W. S. Gilbert..... Dion Boucicault's new drama, called "Presumptive Evidence," was presented at the Princess' Theatre on May 10th, when Mad. Celeste returned to the metropolitan boards. The drama is in two acts. The London *Times* says:—"A French original has apparently supplied Mr. Boucicault with his story, which is of a fine old transpontine stamp. Short as it is, it contrives to include a respectable proportion of crime and an almost unsurpassable amount of extravagance. Its characters are types, with one exception, familiar in almost every sensation drama of modern years, and its story surpasses in improbability most of the productions which at different times have given their reputation to the old Coburg or Surrey. The whole story is a mass of inconsistencies and improbabilities..... John S. Clarke, the American comedian, performed Major Wellington De Boots on May 7th at the Strand Theatre, for the one hundred and fifty-first time, and for precisely the two hundredth and twenty-first time in London. Mr. Clarke is thought, is the first native born American actor who has personated one character in London so great a number of nights. On May 8th Mr. Clarke appeared at the Strand in a piece of extravagance, by Brough and Stockton, entitled "Fox v. Goose."..... Blondin appears at the Alhambra on the high rope, the Yokes and Fillis troupe of female acrobats, and Mdlle. Pitteri, *danseuse*..... At the Pavilion an entire change in the bill has been made for the holidays and the following people appear:—Arthur Lloyd George Leybourne, J. G. Forde, Harry Rickards, James Saphrina, Mdlle. Darcier, Louie Sherrington, Miss Beaumond Beatrice, Mr. A. St. Albyn and Miss Barrie, Harry and Katie King, G. Fredericks and W. R. Julian, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, The Friza Family and the Leopold Family..... At the Royal Music Hall a new company, consisting of Harry Rickards, Fred. Coyne, Mr. Liskard, the Martens Family, Annie Adams, Kate Bella, Jeannie Franklin (announced as an American *danseuse*) and Mr. Maclagan. George Leybourne appears on May 24..... Nelly Power has appeared with considerable success at the Canterbury in "The Charmed Cup," where Sidney Franks and the Brothers Banvard are also engaged..... J. Barnan, the provincial comic, is at the Metropolitan; also the Alexander Family in their skating, comic duets, serio-comic singing, burlesque acting and *ballet divertissements*; Saphrini, delineator of female character, the Collier Sisters, Sidney Barnes, comic; G. W. Lewis, comic (his first appearance in London), and Georgina Smithson. .....The Philharmonic, having been redecorated, was to be opened on Whit Monday, under the sole management of Samuel Adams, with the following performers:—Louie Sherrington, Miss Fitzhenry, Hetty Tracey, the Sisters Collier, Mr. Barnum, Sidney Franks, Mr. St. Albyn, Prof. Thomas, Messrs. Harcourt and Lucette, Samwell's Performing Dogs, the Fillis Troupe of Female Acrobats, and Arthur Lloyd.....At McDonald's, Ada Louise, characteristic vocalist and dancer; Wellington Young, prestidigitateur; John and Emma Warne, pantomimists, comic duettists, grotesque dancers; Paddy Nolan, delineator of Irish life; the sisters Lotto and Jessie, character duettists, solo drummers and dancers; Will Riley, comic vocalist and dancer; Madame Pedley, soprano vocalist; Sailor Williams, the only nautical vocalist on the stage, and Hildebrandt and Ormond..... At the Sun there are performing:—The great Vance, Miss Russell, Harry Rickards, Jolly Nash, Alf George and Nelly Glover, E. Saphrini, the comic Little Levite, the electric; Patti Goddard; the Sisters McGregor Simpson, Scottish duettists; Mrs. Pedley and her daughters, Lotta and Jessie, and the Fritz Brothers, five in number..... At the Gallery of Illustrations, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Arthur Cecil and Rosa D'Erina, appear in an entertainment called "No Cards," followed by the farce of "Cox and Box"..... Kelly and Leon were the features with the Montague Christy Minstrels at St. George's Hall, for the Whitsuntide holidays. They were to open in their burlesque of "Barber Bio," which is stated in a London paper to have been performed by them in New York "two thousand times."..... The Dragon Troupe of Japs that were in this city are at the Crystal Palace.

RISTORI has arrived in Paris from Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and, last of all, from the Hague. She is to remain in that city about a fortnight for the sake of repose, and then leave with all her company for Rio Janeiro. Four cities of South America are mentioned in which the Italian troupe will give representations—Rio, Buenos Ayres, Monte Video and Conception.

LADY DON has been playing in Cork, Ireland.

ANNIE MILNER, who was in America a few years ago, with the Cooper English Opera Troupe, is now traveling through the English provinces, as Madame Tonnelier, with H. C. Cooper, the violinist.

A FALL.—The female Blondin, while making a rope ascension in Bolton,

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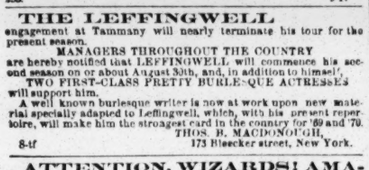

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